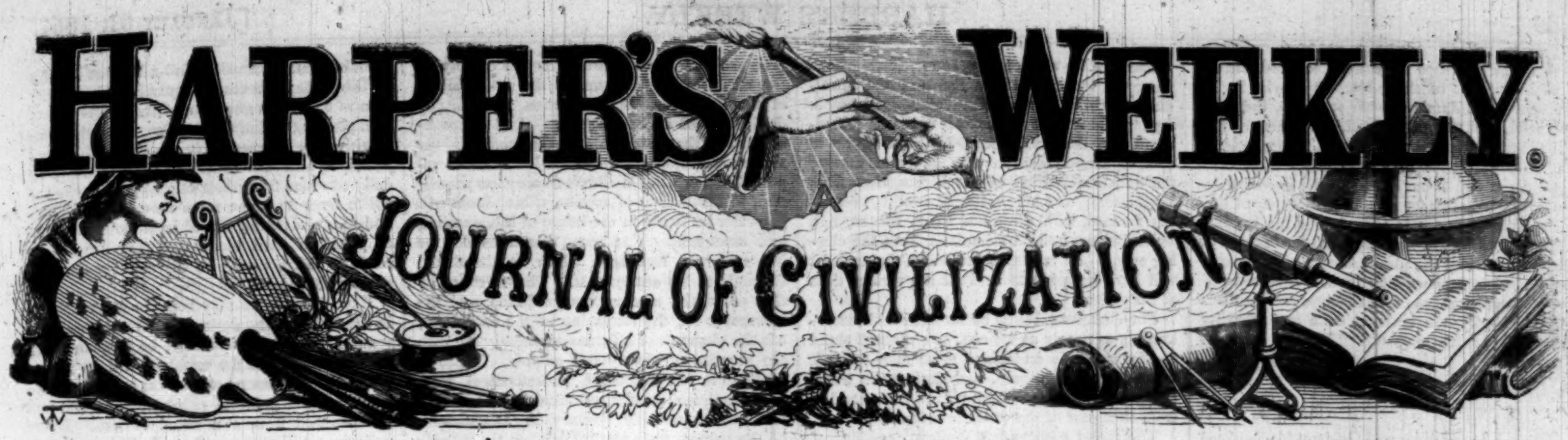

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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OUR CITY POLICE.

It is many years since Parent Duchastelet published his work upon the "dangerous classes" of the city of Paris. About the same time, if our memory serves us rightly, Mr. Colquhoun wrote his book on the police of London. We sincerely wish that there might be found among us some Duchastelet or Colquhoun, who would prepare, with all the statistical accuracy that the nature of the case allows, a statement of the "dangerous classes" of the city of New York.

We all have a general notion that there is a vast deal of vice and crime in this city, but we have no accurate idea of the true state of the case. New York has grown from a village to a metropolis in a single generation. Thirty years ago she was a provincial town. Now she has entered into the category of Paris and London—of the "great sores" of the world. We need to look the thing in the face, and to suit the remedy to the disease.

As we have said, we believe that nothing would be of so much service to the good government of the city as a carefully-prepared work, inspired at once by humanity and justice, which should faithfully portray what are called "the dangerous classes" among whom we take our daily walks, who are all around and about us; which should give us the numbers, the habits, the practices of those who are not vicious or criminal by way of accident or exception, but who live by vice and crime—the burglars, the gamblers, the thieves, the pickpockets, the river-thieves, the receivers of stolen goods, and last, not least, the prostitutes—of all those miserable beings who, like the poor, are "with us always." We should then have an accurate idea of the extent of the formidable organization perpetually arrayed against our property and lives. We should then be prepared to discuss the subject of a proper city police.

We have at present no statistics of the kind worthy the name. The present police, which took the place of the wretched old watch system, was organized in 1845, under the mayoralty of **James Harper**, in pursuance of a law passed in 1844. One of the first reports of Mr. Matsell, the Chief of Police, made in February, 1846, contained some data on the subject. He states, as reported to him, that there were then,

Houses of prostitution	831
Inmates of ditto	1146
Resorts for thieves	67
Gambling-houses	29
Disorderly houses	28
Suspicious persons	89

This, however, is evidently a mere approximation, for the prostitutes alone are now estimated at about five thousand.

Mr. Matsell again, in a report made in October, 1849, which attracted a great deal of attention at the time, estimated the idle and vicious children infesting the streets, hotels, and docks, and living by begging or stealing, at the appalling number of two thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine.

Again, in a report made in September, 1850, Mr. Matsell stated that there were three hundred *river* thieves alone, who lived by plundering vessels and docks of cordage, chains, blocks, bolts, canvas, anchors, and other similar articles of property.

These, however, are mere data—*disjecta membra* of what may one day, we hope, be made a complete portraiture of a subject, very offensive and revolting, it is true, but which, like many other offensive and revolting subjects, we must look full in the face, if we wish to avoid still greater evils. In the mean while, however, things move on—the world can not wait for statistical reports, no matter how interesting—and it appears that this very winter the whole subject of our police is to be laid on the legislative anvil at Albany, to be hammered, welded, forged, and fashioned by the collective wisdom of the State.

The matter is one of great moment, and, independently of its permanent and uniform importance, it possesses at this time particular and peculiar interest. A general idea—how well founded it is difficult accurately to say—exists, that the police organization has been perverted, of late, to political purposes; and a still more general idea prevails that the system is very defective, and fails to secure the ends for which it is designed.

Now, as to the political aspect of the question, it is hardly necessary to disclaim any desire or intention on our part to connect politics with it. As far as regards our municipal matters, nothing can be more preposterous than, in any way, to blend them with national politics. To select mayors, or aldermen, or councilmen, or above all, policemen, because they are for or against the Kansas-Nebraska bill, is too absurd for rational people to discuss. At the same time, it is very obvious that so long as every six or twelve months we hold an election for the express purpose of keeping up the political fever, so long every official, from the highest to the lowest, will be selected on the sole grounds of his general politics; and it is equally obvious that we can have no hope of having any decently-efficient administration of things in the city, and especially of the police, until, by some contrivance or another, we completely separate them from the influence of national politics.

In this matter, really there is not a bawbee to choose between the two parties. Either party has in its ranks enough good men, and ten times enough, to organize and maintain a respectable and efficient police, and neither party can make a police worthy the name unless the task be undertaken with a single view to the thing itself, wholly regardless of its bearing on the interests of national politics.

It will not do in a country organized upon the bases of free discussion, free press, universal suffrage, and a general absence of all governmental restraints, to be too nice or squeamish about the excesses of party. They are inevitable attendants upon the system under which we live, and are to be submitted to as part and parcel of that great tenure of compensation by which we hold all our being. But there is a limit to every thing, and no spirit of philosophy should teach us to look with composure on a system which directly tends to fasten on us in perpetuity a feeble, vacillating, and corrupt administration of our municipal affairs—a system which, if long persevered in, will lead to violence and anarchy just as certainly as the years revolve.

A curious illustration of this is now offered by the discussion in our daily papers of the question "Shall we go armed?" It has been for years the practice of those of our fellow-citizens who ascribe to the North "every virtue under Heaven," and who look to the other side of the Potomac only for the purpose of finding instances to prove the disastrous influence of the "peculiar institution," to refer to the practice of wearing arms, said generally to exist in some of the Southern States as corroborating their particular views. And here, in broad daylight, right under our noses, we find a grave discussion going on in the great commercial metropolis of the Union, whether it is not necessary to carry sword-canes, dirks, bowie-knives, and revolvers to protect us free citizens from the assaults of other free citizens whose chief peculiarity is, that they make altogether *too* free with the great doctrine of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

It is as true of most of the virtues as it is of charity, that it should begin at home. Our own heterogeneous, fluctuating, speculating, reckless population needs all our thought and all our care. The fact is, that we are beset by evils which, unless honestly and boldly confronted, will, before long, prove more than a match for any but desperate remedies. It is neither wild alarm nor love of startling paradox, which threatens New York with the danger and the degradation of a Vigilance Committee.

To return to our police. The daily papers give us the *projet* of a bill said to be intended to be submitted by prominent persons to the Legislature for action at its present session. Its features are so remarkable that we desire for it general attention. It has three principal points of attraction. It proposes, first, to organize, as the head and source of all police authority, a Board of three Commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor and Senate, who (the Commissioners) are to appoint under them one superintendent, with a corps of inspectors, sergeants, and one thousand policemen. Secondly, it "*abolishes the office*" of every individual connected with the present police force, and consequently turns neck and heels into the streets about twelve hundred men who now constitute the corps. Thirdly, the Commissioners of Police are to appoint all the inspectors of elections in the eighty or ninety election districts into which the city is subdivided.

It does not require many words to do justice to this bill. It is manifest, at the first blush, that the scheme is a rare device to make of our police organization a mere shuttlecock in the hands of the politicians at Albany. To turn out twelve hundred men, who have been appointed on the faith of the State pledged by the law of 1854 that they should "hold their offices during good behavior." To turn out these men without any cause assigned, any charge, or any trial, is a piece of injustice and oppression that would very certainly be retaliated the very first time that the other party got the club in their hands. It is idle to suppose—and any person who should take office under such a bill would be a fool to suppose—that any other result could ensue; and as we imagine the most sanguine partisan of either school hardly looks forward, in the present fluctuating and unsettled condition of our political organization, to the long duration of any one party in power, it is clear enough that the new monster would be birth-strangled; it would be viewed with distrust, not to say hatred, and cursed with partisanship from its very conception.

As to the Commission, it may be that gentlemen appointed at Albany might devote themselves to the work as intelligently and faithfully as persons elected in New York; but it is very certain that the heads of the police should not appoint the inspectors of election. The inspectors of election are the most immediate and important political agents that we have. They have nothing more to do with the police than the judiciary have—or should have; and any commission which had in its hands the selection of these two hundred and fifty officers, would be, from the nature of the case, nothing but a political organization.

In short, the whole scheme, from the commissioners to the policemen, seems devised to secure the greatest amount of efficiency for political purposes, and of inefficiency for any other object. Its adoption would be regarded only as a declaration that the city of New York was to be treated as the legitimate plunder of the political parties of the day. It would not be easy to go further, unless it were thought best to give the city up to sack.

A word more, and we have done. We have no doubt that the present Police Board, composed as it is of the Mayor, Recorder, and City Judge, is a very bad one. The Mayor of New York will always be an active politician; and no Judge or Recorder should have any thing to do with the appointment of the police. It may be, too, that the decentralization, as it is called, of the Constitution of 1846 has been carried somewhat too far. But, on the other hand, it is idle to suppose that the city of New York, in regard to its mere local interests, can be, as a system, as a general rule, well governed in Albany.

It is all well enough to centralize in London, where the national government sits beside the local authorities; or in Paris, where scarce a Frenchman dare blow his nose without a permit from the Prefect or the Minister of the Interior; but it will never do to turn over the vast machine of the government of this city to the highly respectable gentlemen who come up from the villages of Steuben, and Chenango, and Cattaraugus, to spend three weeks in the renowned metropolis of Albany. They do not understand us well enough, and they have not time enough for the work.

Above all, it will not do to use the powers of the State to mould the politics of this city. Any such scheme will most assuredly return to plague the inventors. Any party that tries it will earn by the effort nothing but well-merited disgrace and defeat. There is abundant room for improvement without resorting to reckless change. New York is fully competent to govern herself—and to govern herself well. What she wants, what the State wants, what the country wants, is the separation of her municipal affairs from all connection with general politics. This can be done—and it can only be done—by a system which shall give to this spot, so favored by Heaven, the blessings that flow from permanence and stability.

Any party which shall accomplish this will command the respect and earn the attachment of the country. Any party which pursues a different course will fail even to secure the support of the loafers, ragamuffins, and ruffians, whom it strives to conciliate.

THE THEATRE AND ITS FRIENDS.

We all know the old proverb, "Tell me who are your friends, and I will tell you what you are." Judged by this standard, no one can conscientiously put down the theatre among the respectabilities, or even the decencies of life. We need not discuss the question how far the drama is essentially, of its own nature, demoralizing in its influence, or how far the scorn by the "Saints" of the stage has made it the especial delight of the sinners. The fact stands—which is all we have to do with at present—that the acted drama is neither virtuous in itself nor reputable in its associations.

The more respectable patrons of the theatre boast of a reform in its conduct, which commenced with the management of Macready in London, and has been partially carried out in our own country. All our theatres are not now houses of assignation; yet to this day, with all the sensitiveness on the score of moral decency, professed and felt, we would fain believe, by public opinion, there are theatrical managers who claim the patronage of a Christian community, through the too open columns of the daily press, for their exhibitions in houses in which a place is regularly set apart for prostitutes, who are invited gratuitously to add to the *attractions*, and entice the young and the debauched. Moreover, when in compliance with the moral sentiment of the public the Cyprian has been thrust from the boxes, we see her reappearing in all her flaunting recklessness on the stage. In the most popular operas and dramas of the day she walks the boards the admired heroine.

The younger Dumas, under the despotism of a tyrant, taking a hint from the drunken orgies of the wild anarchy of the French Revolution, sets a crown upon the impudent brow of the courtesan, and enveloping her with the incense of his perverted genius, calls upon the world to worship her as the goddess of the age. With the usual obsequiousness of our theatrical flunkeyism, which, like a servile valet, dresses itself in the cast-off finery of the French stage, the profligate Dame aux Camelias, the Demi-Monde, the Filles de Marbre, and other gilded idols of Parisian vice are brought over, losing much of the brightness of their gilt in the transportation, but none of their foulness, and set up in our midst, that we, too, like France, may bow down before a wanton. A daily paper, speaking of an American version of the *Filles de Marbre*, under the moral-balancing title of "Vice and Virtue," now being played at a Broadway theatre, says, "Virtue is *not* rewarded, and Vice *is* triumphant in this as in the French edition," and gives us as the only hope for morality that the piece was badly acted. "To have any success," adds the critic, "Vice and Virtue must be well played." There is some security in the stupidity of the American stage, but we fear there are many less fastidious than our daily Editor, who may be attracted by Vice although not "well played."

The drama in America, from its inaptitude and rudeness, does not attract the taste of the refined; and from its grossness positively repels the sentiment of the moral. Its influence is confined to corrupting the inexperienced, or fixing the habits of the vicious. Entirely a foreign thing in its nature and management, the so-called American drama has never touched the national sympathy, and accordingly its bad effects are fortunately very restricted. It is only after all a kind of chiffonier, or rag-picker, which fumbles in the filth of society, and gathers up the loose ends and dirty shreds of humanity. These, however, are worth the trial of purification, and it becomes social reformers to attempt it.

What better proof can you have of the evil influence of the theatre than the rapid corruption which ensues in a neighborhood on the raising of one of these temples of vice? No sooner is the flaming poster stuck up, the doors opened, and the gas lighted, than decency flies it as health would a plague-spot. The erection of a new theatre in a previously respectable quarter of one of our cities, is well known to destroy that quarter for any future decency of life. The private house is turned into the bagnio; the shop of honest trade into the faro saloon or bar-room; and the play-house stands a spectacle of vice, supported by its congenial aids of rowdyism, gambling, drunkenness, and prostitution. Verily, the national taste and morality do well in scorning the "Theatre and its Friends."

WALKER AND NICARAGUA.

Had Æsop's Fables and Goldsmith's England filled their proper space in the literature of Nicaragua, Mr. William Walker might now possibly be drying his boots at some bar-room fire in San Francisco, instead of swaying the destinies of that troublous country. The parables might have inculcated the fate of the frogs upon the coveted intervention of King Stork; the history might have forecast the doom of Spanish Americans from the story of the Britons invoking Saxon aid to tranquillize domestic brawls and expel intrusive Scandinavians. For, truth to tell, there is all of the Saxon and much of the stork in the composition of Mr. William Walker. Invited to restore peace to a turbulent people, by assuring the undisputed predominance of one of two factions among them, the wages tendered him for the service were limited to some 52,000 acres of land, a proportionate share of acres to each of his followers, with running pay, rations, and forage, to the contentment of every body concerned. The contract completed on both sides, Mr. Walker, it seems to have been anticipated, would, with his men, quietly pack up and return to the saloons and garrets of San Francisco. Fate has arranged differently. The pacificator, remaining, has seized all there was of government in Nicaragua, which was very little, and all there was of revenue, which was less; has witnessed the opportune demise of two of the chiefs at a moment they were particularly in his way; has shot two others who stood in his path; and, so far as internal forces and substance are concerned, has effected the entire deglutition of the state. The stork has digested the frogs; the Saxon has obliterated the native Nicaraguan, and Walker is all in all. The future historian, seeking a striking topic for a monograph, will surely find it in the present position and past adventures of this most enterprising of the Northmen.

To found his story, however, a wide retrospect will be required. He will have Nicaragua to tell of as the home of a quarter of a million of people, four per cent. of whom are whites, the rest a mongrel cross of white, black, and olive-colored. He will have a land to describe, sublime with its mountain scenery, lovely in all the gentler traits of the picturesque, gorgeous in tropical splendor and fecundity of animal life, exuberant in vegetation, genial in climate, and venerable for the architectural ruins of a mighty race, of whom Time has spared no other records. He will have to post the books of a score of revolutions in the government of such a people and land since their separation from the sovereignty of Spain. The later of these political cataclysms will exact minute detail. Fluto Chamorro, he will have to tell, a planter, and head of the conservative, aristocratic, or servile party, was, in 1853, elected President over Francisco Castillon, a thriving attorney of Leon: that the latter, with several of his democratic friends, incurring suspicion of disaffection, was banished, but was presently sent back by the government of Honduras with an army behind him; an army that, with popular help, twice defeated Chamorro, and finally shut him up in Granada: that, prompted by some unaccountable infatuation, the victors seized this moment to dispatch an agent to Walker—Walker then idle in San Francisco, but redolent of Lower Californian memories—to secure his services as leader of the triumphant army; and that, before his arrival, Guatemala, having declared for the Chamorristas, the affairs of that faction had brightened materially. The landing of Walker and his fifty-six free companions at Realejo, June 16, 1855, will, of course, be a leading event in the story, as important, perhaps, as the landing of an earlier William the Conqueror on the shores of Sussex, or of Dutch William of Orange at Torbay. The narrative will proceed to tell how, a few days after his avatar and union with his democratic employers, the hero was very unheroically beaten at Rivas, and obliged to take refuge in Leon. How he subsequently routed Santo Guardiola and his Guatemalans at Virgin Bay, and captured Granada, not, however, before Chamorro had died, and his authority devolved upon Corral. How a treaty was effected with this last, by which a government, framed from men of all parties, was inaugurated; Patricio Rivas, President; Corral, Minister of War; Walker, Commander-in-chief; and how, a few days later, the new minister of war was summarily shot by the new commander-in-chief as a traitor. The confiscation of the Transit Company's effects, and the transfer of its charter to private friends of the General; the massacre of Salazar; the simultaneous rising of the Central American people against the new government; Walker's self-elevation to the presidency; his vain efforts to open diplomatic relations with the United States; the entire alienation of the Nicaraguans from his interest; and his prolonged contest, of various fortune, with the allied Costa Ricans, San Salvadorians, and Guatemalans, form the closing events of a retrospect, to which the annalist will have occasion to lend all the vivider tints of his pallet.

For ourselves, let us be satisfied with ascertaining, as nearly as we can, how matters stand to-day with this audacious gentleman—a task of sufficient magnitude, considering the tricks and manipulation to which all the truth coming from that part of the world is subjected.

The latest advices left Walker President of Nicaragua—not of its people, who disdain and disown his government—and Commander-in-chief of the army, which consisted of some 1200 men, all North Americans, undefecated with any native dilution whatsoever. This army was amply supplied with munitions of war, the Mississippi and Sharpe rifle, and Mr. George Law's muskets, adapted to the Minié ball, constituting their small arms, while the artillery, under the command of General Henningsen, was possessed of four howitzers, a pair of mortars, and a due equipment of shot and shell. To this force is opposed 3000 allies, directed by General Belloso, of Guatemala. These have four brass field-pieces, besides a fair supply of British service muskets, altered to the Minié standard. They have also abundance of provisions, every advantage of position, and, what is most important, the climate is in strict offensive league with them against the interlopers. Walker's troops are, unhappily, ill-fed. Their fare is restricted to fresh beef, an extremely agreeable and nutritive article of food, properly seasoned, attended with commensurate bread and butter, and relieved with occasional alternations of mutton, pork, and poultry, but by no means wholesome or pleasant when not attended or relieved by those *pièces de resistence*. Sickness, as if the pestilential fevers to which all strangers are obnoxious were insufficient to decimate the alien forces, necessarily results from this monotonous diet. It is stated, upon safe authority, that of three thousand Americans who have served the cause of Walker during the past eighteen months, twelve hundred have perished of local fevers. With such extraneous elements disturbing the calculus, it is hard to pre-estimate the odds. We only know that Walker has thus far maintained himself with exemplary perseverance. Previous advices had deprived him of all footing on the main land, save at Virgin Bay. The ruins of Granada, a point all-important to the control of the transit-route, were in the hands of Belloso. A Costa Rican general held Rivas. Walker, taking to water, was cruising about the lake, touching now at La Virgin, and then at Ometepec, where his munitions and sick were deposited, and daily suffering ruinous losses from death and desertion. Nothing, it was said, short of the immediate appearance of reinforcements could save him. The river connecting the lake with San Juan del Norte, whence these reinforcements must come, was in the possession of the Costa Ricans, who held all the boats and fortifications upon it, so that all chance of escape or relief seemed lost to the surrounded adventurer. A more benignant face is, however, put upon his situation by our latest dates. Henningsen, who had been caged by Belloso in an old church of Our Lady, at Granada, had contrived to burst forth, with desperate slaughter of the investing force, effect a junction with his chief, and unite in an attack upon the occupants of Rivas. A complete route of the latter was the result; but we do not credit a rumor which came winged to the steamer at the moment she left Greytown, Walker had prosecuted his victory by traversing the lake, recapturing two of his steamers, which the enemy had appropriated, and had commenced a forcible overture of the route seaward. The other statements give nothing inconsistent with probability. A wag might characterize the combatants in Nicaragua as an army of Walkers and an army of runners, a classification amply authorized by every conflict which has thus far had place. Unless strengthened by thrice the American force, the natives have uniformly experienced ignominious discomfiture, and sought premature safety in flight; and this circumstance overcomes many of the odds that appear to the prejudice of their adversaries.

In estimating those odds, we—who sit by, watching the struggle very much as the ancient Greeks looked on at the Isthmian games of their day—we shall fall into serious error, if we fail to set off against the rapid consumption of northern life in those climates the facility and abundance of supply. Notwithstanding the gloomy accounts brought by several recent arrivals, there are now throngs of recruits at every American outlet craving transportation. The stories of Cortez and Pizarro are, by these hopeful adventurers, transferred bodily to the Nicaraguan chief. Dreams as golden as the realities which once glorified the homes of the Incas and Montezumas invest with their fascinations his achievements and the rewards of his enterprise, so that there is little prospect of staying the efflux of recruits, unless the utter failure of the hero, nay, his destruction, shall finally dissipate such dreams forever. And the probabilities of that event rapidly diminish. If the victory of Henningsen and his leader be as reported, the crisis of Walker's destiny has passed, and, in the dialect of astrology, his planet will hereafter be found in the house of life, dazzling and ascendant. The most disastrous day he has seen was that upon which he abandoned Granada to his antagonists. The recovery of that point, the reoccupation of Rivas, and the movement for the reopening of the San Juan, are the elements of a future apparently big with the promise of victory and empire. There is nothing in the disjointed, immethodical, cowardly tactics of the Central Americans to forbid this upshot; nothing, perhaps, in the character of the people, their institutions, or their tardy civilization, to plunge us in profound sorrow at the thought of their subjection. If Walker's intervention be an evil, it is an evil of their own seeking and making. In this instance, at least, he is no voluntary *flibustier*. He came an invited mediator. If he remain—if, upon a just estimate of the popular incapacity, and of his own powers, he found the hope of a dictatorship or a throne, it will be difficult to quarrel rationally with his conclusion. There is certainly no evidence of fitness for self-government in the community thus subjugated to urge against it. The right has never been exercised, save in the service of political cabal, and for the promotion of internecine broils. Nor is there any occasion for apprehensions that the system there established, whatever its shape at the outset, can long remain essentially different from that established in the United States. The success of Walker, if he succeed, will be due to American aid and sympathy. Its permanence will depend upon the influx of American emigration. He will be surrounded by men of talent and energy equal to his own, and all imbued with love for the institutions of their fatherland. With a hostile native population, and reliance upon these environments, it will be impossible to persist in an autocratic or despotic policy; and we may therefore anticipate his triumph without also anticipating damage to the cause of universal democracy.

We have again and again called Walker a hero. We shall not take it back.

When orators tell you the age of chivalry is gone, they have no reference to the age of heroism. Of this latter, which is an eminently useful, practical, and patriotic quality, there are slight traces still discernible; whereas, it is more than suspected, the former was but a curious Punch-and-Judy contrivance peculiarly adapted to social infancy, and well deserving to be stowed away with other juvenilities. Scout the proposition, and demand evidence, and we can not do better than point you to Walker, the hero of Nicaragua. About his adventures is nothing chivalrous, no mere knight errantry of any sort. They exchange the actual for the romantic; deal in realities practical, commercial, and political; and if the horrible crops out now and then, as in tragedy and breathless tale, it is of that substantial kind which appeals rather to compassion than to ideality. Throughout, however, are we obliged to recognize a persistence, an endurance, a resolute heroism, which merit a higher place in human esteem than can be ceded to all the slayers of Paynims, felon knights, and dragons in the realms of Faerydom, or in the chronicles thereof. The difference is merely that ours is a nineteenth-century hero. What vocation have we for the plumed, plated, visored contemporaries of Prince Arthur, or even of Chevalier Bayard, in these days of mail-steamers, bomb-shells, bayonets, and Minié bullets? What we want is evidently an article for our own time, which, we insist, our hero is. And shall we quarrel with it, because it is actuated by motives, and controlled by considerations peculiar to a sordid and selfish epoch? We also insist that no historical parallel with the Hawkwoods, De Bracys, and Campo Bassos, renowned captains of condottieri in darker ages, does justice to our hero's merits. They enlisted solely for pay and plunder, and sought ignoble service elsewhere, or sank into insignificance, at the dawn of peace. Walker enlisted for pay, perquisites, a throne, an empire, a dynasty; motives grand enough of themselves, and quite up to the requirements of modern heroism—motives not without promise of triumphant realization. So long as the sometime vagabond of the Saint James Street hells occupies the Tuileries, shall we decry his transatlantic imitator, or depreciate his chances? Who knows how soon he may replace the laurel of the hero for the diadem of a king?

STARS OF ERIN.

An Irishman is by nature the best fitted of all men to be a policeman. His past history is sufficient guarantee for his efficiency in keeping the peace. Educated as he has been on the traditionary principles so admirably illustrated by the national festival known as Donnybrook Fair, carefully instructed from his earliest infancy in the elegant accomplishments of landlord-shooting and skull-splitting, and in his maturer years taught to regard a hair-trigger pistol with the same veneration that a Puritan had for his Bible, the Irishman is unquestionably the very man to be chosen guardian of the public peace. It is pleasing to know that those municipal authorities now in power have recognized this great principle, and that American citizens are being daily removed from their official positions in the police force to make room for redoubtable O's and Mac's, descendants of Irish monarchs, and so proud of their blood that they are always ready to risk a punch on the nose for the purpose of showing it.

Now, indeed, we may hope for those reforms in the force so long desired by our citizens. The regular baton will, of course, be supplanted by the shillelagh, and the members will, by a simple Hibernian stratagem, at once discover uproarious from peaceful citizens. The test will be borrowed from a national custom. Every policeman will occasionally pull off his coat, and, trailing it along the street, invite "any gintleman to thread on the tail av it!" All peacefully disposed citizens will, of course, decline the invitation, while those who accept it, thereby giving evidence of their tendency toward quarreling, will be immediately hit over the head, or, in the language of the "Gem of the Sea," "Lambasted."

Other changes are contemplated. One enthusiastic Irishman, lately appointed, has declared that he will use all his influence to have our national anniversary of the 4th of July changed into Patrick's Day, although, as the festivals occur at different ends of the year, it requires a Celtic mind to imagine the transformation.

We congratulate our fellow-citizens on this important municipal change.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Dimes is my friend. We are a great deal together. In the social copartnership that we have formed, I supply the brains and Dimes supplies the dress. You see, I'm idle and not rich; refined, and yet without position. I was evidently formed to be a man about town, and when Dimes—you know young Dimes, the son of the rich Dimes who kept a sausage-shop and a box at the opera—when Dimes took me under his huge Raglan, as it were, and smuggled me into society, I was proportionately grateful; and we have a sort of tacit understanding to the effect, that my reputation for wit being, as it were, reflected somewhat upon Dimes, is an offset for the *entrée* which he has given me to Matinées, German cotillion parties, and crash carpets.

I am very glad to be in society, because I like people that speak low, dance well, and give good suppers. I like society's easy chairs, rich dresses, mild lamps, and wondrous jewelry. As I only spend my few sleeping hours in my little bedroom on the ninth story of the Hotel de Liason, all this splendor is as much mine as if I had paid for it. I use the "company parlors" in most houses quite as much, I dare say, as those to whom they legitimately belong.

Owing to my idle, lounging habits, I hear much of what is going on. I am the depositary of the last fashionable scandal; a sort of lion's mouth, into which my many friends drop their little anecdotes, false and true.

It has long been a sort of received axiom with Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, that romance perishes under any but a Southern sky. How astonished would they be if they accidentally came, as I did, upon a sprig of the purest romance, blossoming in the very midst of all this snow by which we are surrounded, like an Alpine flower on the white rocks of Chamouni!

The story of Villikins and his Dinah is not without its parallel every day. In —th Street there dwells a widower of some renown. He has adorned the Senate, printed a volume of poems for private circulation, and is the father of a lovely Dinah, who, if she is two years older than the Dinah of the ballad, is superior to her in two respects, viz., her charms are beyond dispute, and her fortune is *not* indefinite. The stern parient—shall we call him Mr. Quelquechose?—has for some time most cruelly and positively discouraged the attentions of a young gentleman who is desperately in love with the fair Dinah, and is likewise paying-teller in one of our principal banks. Things, of course, proceed in the usual manner. Papa is obdurate—miss mopes—love-sick paying-teller loses his presence of mind, and overpays checks in his distress. Then a confidant is, of course, soon found, and the pair enjoy stolen interviews at Mrs. Shuttle's house in Fifth Avenue.

The snow of 1857 appears. Sleighs are in requisition. Ladies bury their rosy cheeks in furs, and their little hands in huge hairy mittens, until they look like flowers peeping through an overgrowth of moss. Of course, Miss Quelquechose must have her sleighing, so she informs her obdurate father that she has been invited by Mrs. Shuttle to go out sleighing with her to Fort Hamilton on such an afternoon. Father willingly grants permission, because he happens to have arranged a little sleighing party of his own in exactly the opposite direction. The evening comes, Miss Q. arrays herself in furs, and among her antidotes to frost puts on a singular tippet made of the feathers of the roseate spoonbill, which, when her chestnut hair falls on it, has quite a pretty effect. She is deposited by the family coach at Mrs. Shuttle's, and the coachman having seen her safe, drives away.

In a few hours afterward, Mr. Quelquechose, in the highest possible spirits, is bowling along the Bloomingdale Road at a fast pace, in a light single sleigh, and with a mass of sable by his side through which nothing can be seen but the tip of a piquant *nez retroussé*. As they are whirling along over the crackling snow, the horse suddenly shies, and Mr. Q. observes a singular rose-colored affair lying in the road. He stops, gets out, picks it up, and he and his companion are lost in admiration of a pretty feather tippet, that seems to have been originally made of swans' white plumes, but from envy on beholding the snowy neck on which it was destined to rest, blushed into a deeper hue. Q.'s companion is enchanted with the windfall, and, pending restoration to its unknown owner, clasps it round her own pretty neck.

Again they bowl along the Bloomingdale track, but on their return they hear a sleigh traveling swiftly behind them, and a man's voice commands Mr. Q. to halt. Both sleighs stop, and the new arrival rather angrily demands the restoration of the roseate tippet which he discerns on the neck of Q.'s companion, to its lawful owner, who, furred to the neck, sits beside him. Q. politely agrees. Jumps out to explain to the lady, and to his horror discovers in the pair of Esquimaux forms before him his Dinah and the paying-teller. Faint scream from Dinah. Commencement of abuse from Q. to the paying-teller, but sudden return of reason, which says to him, "Q., my boy, the less explanations given the better for you."

The *denouement* has not yet arrived; but as the paying-teller has left his bank, and is installed in Q.'s office, we may presume that the stern parient is paving the way to Grace Church for the pair. He never, however, explained to his daughter who it was that had for the nonce decorated herself with the rosy tippet.

A BALL FOR THE BALD.

So far as the season has gone, there has been a plethora of parties; the misfortune of the thing is, that all the parties are so like one another that a new sensation is a thing not to be thought of. Night after night, I see perpetuated the same flowers, the same furniture, the same suppers, the same people, the same chitchat. Even Dimes is exhausted. One must grow weary of eating continual *galantine*, and drinking eternal gold-lack. The *questio vexata* of the Traviata has been talked threadbare. I am no longer capable of being astonished by any hoop, however wide; and I know every figure of the German so well, that I have not even the satisfaction of making mistakes and throwing every one out.

Some one has circulated a report that Mrs. S——, a lady celebrated for her *bals costumées*, is about to give something original. She gave one some seasons ago, and fixed the epoch as that of Louis Quinze, thereby necessitating the sacrifice of mustaches on the part of every gentleman. I see nothing left for her now but to insist on her guests coming with shaven heads. It would have at least a novel effect, and be a good opportunity for phrenological display. Instead of people's names being announced by servants, they would be bawled by themselves, and it would be impossible for even the greatest belle or exquisite in town to give themselves (h)airs. To Wall Street gentlemen, who are so accustomed to shaving, the operation would come easy enough, but to our young men, who devote so much of their income to Dupraz, the sacrifice of their locks would be as hard as the sacrifice of Chubb's locks to Mr. Hobbs. All who endeavored to evade the naked question by wearing a tonsure, should be immediately pronounced not the sure *ton*.

A RUSS IN URBE.

Seriously speaking, American society, as the immortal Count —— observes, is monotonous. We are not sufficiently sure of ourselves to indulge in that eccentricity which gives variety to character. We seek safety in pure conventionalism; dress out of the fashion plates, and dine by the cookery book.

I do not, however, go quite as far as Count —— in his strictures on our society. The Count is a character. Who is it that does not know the Count? Who or what he is, is somewhat of a mystery. He is a Russian Pole, or a Polish Russian. He is a gentleman by birth, with the manners of a pioneer and the information of a *valet de place*. He knows every body's private history; has conversed with every body who is celebrated. Slept with Louis Napoleon, saved Bonaparte's life at Arcola, showed Talleyrand how to give dinners, assisted Humboldt in the preparation of his Kosmos, picked Rachel out of the streets before Dr. Veron heard of her, and corresponded from this country with Todleben on the best method of fortifying Sebastopol. His family have been equally fortunate. Peter the Great threw a chisel at one of his ancestors at Saardaam, and ever since the descendants have been intimate with the great. His sister, according to his own account, is married to the entire Spanish Cortez, and the connections that the remainder of the family formed are so exalted that I should call in the assistance of a German Court herald before I ventured to retail it.

In personal appearance the Count bears a striking resemblance to a carriage-lamp, owing to his concealing at least half his face behind a pair of gigantic spectacles, which, as he never looks *through* them, but always *over* them, seem to be worn more for disguise than use. He has very much the air of a police spy, or a man who is being hunted by the police, the furtive glance which he casts being common to both extremes.

This being the only country in which the Count finds it convenient to live, he is naturally "down on" our social institutions. To the American female is he especially unkind. She never washes her hair, he says, and has no *femme de chambre*. Then as to good breeding, there is no such thing in this country. No repose of manner; no refined deportment. "I tell you vat, Sare," roars the Count at dinner, with a piece of celery in one hand and a carving-knife in the other, brandishing both to the imminent peril of the faces of the ladies sitting next to him, and speaking in a roar that would amaze an African lion, "I tell you vat, Sare, dere is no gentilman in this conthry. Dey make demselves de most abominable peoples as nossing ever vas. Dey are all snobses!"

He was proceeding somewhat after this fashion a couple of months ago at a dinner-party, at which a young Englishman happened to be present. The Saxon, not viewing us as such unmitigated barbarians, ventured to say that he thought the gentleman was not indigenous to any soil, and that he had met as highly bred men and women in America as in any other country.

"Vat you know about society?" shouted the enraged Count. "You nevare were in society."

"If you were aware," returned the Englishman gravely, "of the position I occupied at the British Court, I think you would scarcely doubt my claim to social position."

The Count pricked up his ears at this; for, like all Russians, he is a tuft-hunter, and he thought that this young man, whose name he was ignorant of, might be a great unknown.

"Vat position did you occupy, Sare?" he demanded a little less brusquely.

The Englishman, without moving a muscle of his face, replied, calmly,

"I was for three years maid of honor to Queen Victoria."

The Count glared at him for a moment, but for the rest of the evening was silent as a serf in a Siberian mine.

HONEY SOIT.

A singular species of club has lately been established in this city. It is composed of artists, musicians, critics, and authors, dramatic and otherwise. It is ostensibly for convivial purposes, but will eventually, if I am not much mistaken, exercise a considerable influence on certain departments of the literary world. There, on certain evenings, the wittiest men in the city assemble, and the last book or latest play is discussed with that merciless ridicule by which men of letters indemnify themselves for their daily routine of labor. The club is entitled "The Bees," and all the officers derive their titles from the insect world. A celebrated actor presides under the title of the Queen Bee, the vice-president (a witty dramatist, and author of a late success) is Grand Wasp, the secretary Grand Scarabæus, and the treasurer Gold Bug. This association has already struck terror into the hearts of some of the theatres, who foresee the influence which a clique of clever men must wield over public opinion. One manager declares that the club was got up for the purpose of crushing him, and attributes every unfavorable criticism on his establishment to its agency. Nevertheless the Bees flourish, and laugh, and make epigrams on every thing that passes in this busy metropolis, as if the world were one huge honeycomb invented on purpose for them to feed upon.

A MOST UNFELINE ANIMAL.

An absurd story is going the round of the clubs relative to an intended elopement which was prevented coming off by *a cat*. It seems that a young lady residing in Fourteenth Street, and fresh from Madam ——'s fashionable boarding-school, was induced by a dashing young fellow of seventeen to promise to elope with him. To make the thing more romantic, the dead of night was chosen as the momentous time. Every thing was prepared. The signal given. The swain outside with a carriage. The young lady carpet-bag in hand. When, lo! as she was stealthily descending the stairs in the dark, a horrible ghostly step sounded behind her. She hastened her pace, but still it followed, clack, clack, clack, like that awful tread of the commandant in Don Juan. Unable to bear the terror of her position any longer, she fainted. Meanwhile the lover outside whistled, and tapped, and signaled in vain, until, full of dark forebodings, he was obliged to take his departure without the fair one. The poor girl was discovered by one of the servants the next morning in a state of insensibility on the stairs, with the tell-tale carpet-bag lying near her. Her parents were awaked, and all was confessed. The mystery of the ghostly footsteps were, however, still unexplained, and it was not until Master Bob, the *enfant terrible* of the establishment, acknowledged that the night previously he had occupied himself in the laudable task of shoeing the family cat with walnut shells, some of which still remained on her feet, that the parents knew how far poor pussy had been their benefactor. It is needless to say, that Mademoiselle will not be sent back to the fashionable school, but will henceforth learn bad French from a governess.

Dimes, who visits at the house, says that he has long known the cat in question, and on more than one occasion been particularly struck by its intelligence.

Hoops are still enlarging. Dimes has been living for a week on a joke of mine relating to them. He says every where that the old adage has now been realized by the young ladies, and that a Miss is nowadays—in circumference—as good as a mile.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

There is no longer any doubt that war has again broken out between England and China. The consequences will be heavily felt here, not only in the stoppage of the trade, but in ulterior contingencies which are pretty sure to follow. It is possible that the guns fired by Admiral Seymour's orders upon the walls of Canton may prove the signal for one of the most astounding revolutions the world has ever seen.

That our Japan expedition has been a miserable failure, is now evident to every one. Our representative is in genteel confinement, not wholly secure against starvation; our traders have been ignominiously expelled; the intercourse which we were led to expect with the Japanese is no nearer than it was ten years ago.

It is a very fortunate thing for Mr. Buchanan that he will assume the direction of affairs at such a crisis as this. To the American Executive that shall inaugurate a substantial policy of fair and free trade with the great and prosperous nations of the Pacific coast of Asia history will award no slender fame. And it would really seem as though circumstances would render it difficult for our new President to evade the responsibility and the guerdon.

In our next number we shall have something more to say on the subject.

THE SPANISH PILLARS.

In advance of Congress, a number of associations and individuals have excluded the familiar pillared coins of Spanish origin from the monetary pale. Quarters are no longer quarters, but fifths; shillings are degraded to dimes; and we have at last got rid of the coin which was always sixpence when you paid it out, but sevenpence when you received it. As usual, the public is precipitate. The bill demonetizing these coins has not passed; and, if it had, it would not make the Spanish quarter worth less than its weight, which is not far from twenty-five cents' worth of silver. The panic will be worth twenty per cent. on a goodly sum to the knowing, who will take any quantity of Spanish money at the reduced rate.

Let us be thankful, however, that the pillars are going. They were pretty coins, but they did mischief and begat fraud. From the absurdity of counting by shillings in a country whose coinage is decimal, grew a monstrous habit of dishonesty among small dealers, and great ones too. We know one establishment in this city employing from thirty to forty men, at wages averaging seven to nine dollars a week, or, as the managers phrased it, fifty-six to seventy-two shillings; every Saturday night these poor men have been paid in three-cent pieces, four to the shilling, thirty-two to the dollar, and have thus been defrauded of four per cent. on their hard earnings. How perilous, too, the first lesson which every youth learned on entering a retail store—that a quarter was twenty-five cents when he paid it, but twenty-four when it was paid to him!

But they are going now—peace be to their manes!—the old coins. They have had a wonderful and wide career—who will give us their obituary?

QUARANTINE.

It is rather fortunate that the Constitution debars the States from the amiable pastime of making war, else New York and the Jerseys might take each other by the hair. Our own State, mightily inconvenienced by a *lazaretto* which only serves to bottle disease for home consumption, bought, some years since, of the General Government, a sand-bank abutting on Jersey for a quarantine station. Unhappily, the purchaser omitted to obtain, simultaneously with the purchase, the waiver of Jersey's sovereign right of jurisdiction over the said sand-bank. Jersey, by the mouth of two doughty governors, refuses to part with a shadow of her claims; and New York is in a quandary.

A scheme has been mooted by some enterprising Staten Islanders which may possibly lead to a settlement. They propose to buy up the Jerseys bodily, and annex them to Staten Island; and they calculate that the rise in the value of Jersey property which would follow their purchase would enable them to afford to give the Jerseymen a round million for their independence. It might be put in a joint-stock concern, and would create quite a *furore* in Wall Street. Something of the kind must be done, or next summer we shall have trouble with our honest neighbors.

CHAT.

SPARE THE BABIES.

A children's fancy-ball this week, and a children's dress-ball the next! We begged, we prayed, we— but all in vain. "Johnny *should* go—the little dear!" said our wife; and Johnny did go, and looked (we have the authority of our stronger half for it), in his linen trowsers, blue jacket, navy collar, and rakish tarpaulin, just like the picture of the infantile Prince of Wales in his sailor's suit—the odious Mrs. Snap, who (our wife declares) daubs rouge upon her cheeks, and touches the natural red of her nose with pearl-white, to the contrary notwithstanding. It was envy, Mrs. Snap, which curdled your blood, turned up your nose, and made you utter, "Look at that little monkey! I wonder where they have put his tail?"

Upon reflection, we agree with Mrs. Snap. Our Johnny did look like a little monkey; and every one else's Johnnies and Wilhelminas looked as if they belonged to the same grimacing genus. We thought of testing their nature with a nut, or at any rate with a handful of sugar-plums; and if we had, we are sure we would have got up a delightful scramble, and put an end at once to that abomination, Mrs. Gorgeous's children's fancy-ball.

Is it not enough that Fashion should seduce our wives and grown-up daughters from home, its virtues, and its duties? Must it go into our nurseries, and be allowed to snatch up in its cold clutches the child from its mother's knee, before it has learned to stammer out, "Lead us not into temptation," and the little one from its pillow, in the repose of innocence and sleep, and thrust them into the glare of gaslight, and an excitement as deadly to the heart as it is unwholesome to the body? Fashionable mothers! sacrifice yourselves, if you please, on the altar of Fashion, but *spare the babies.*

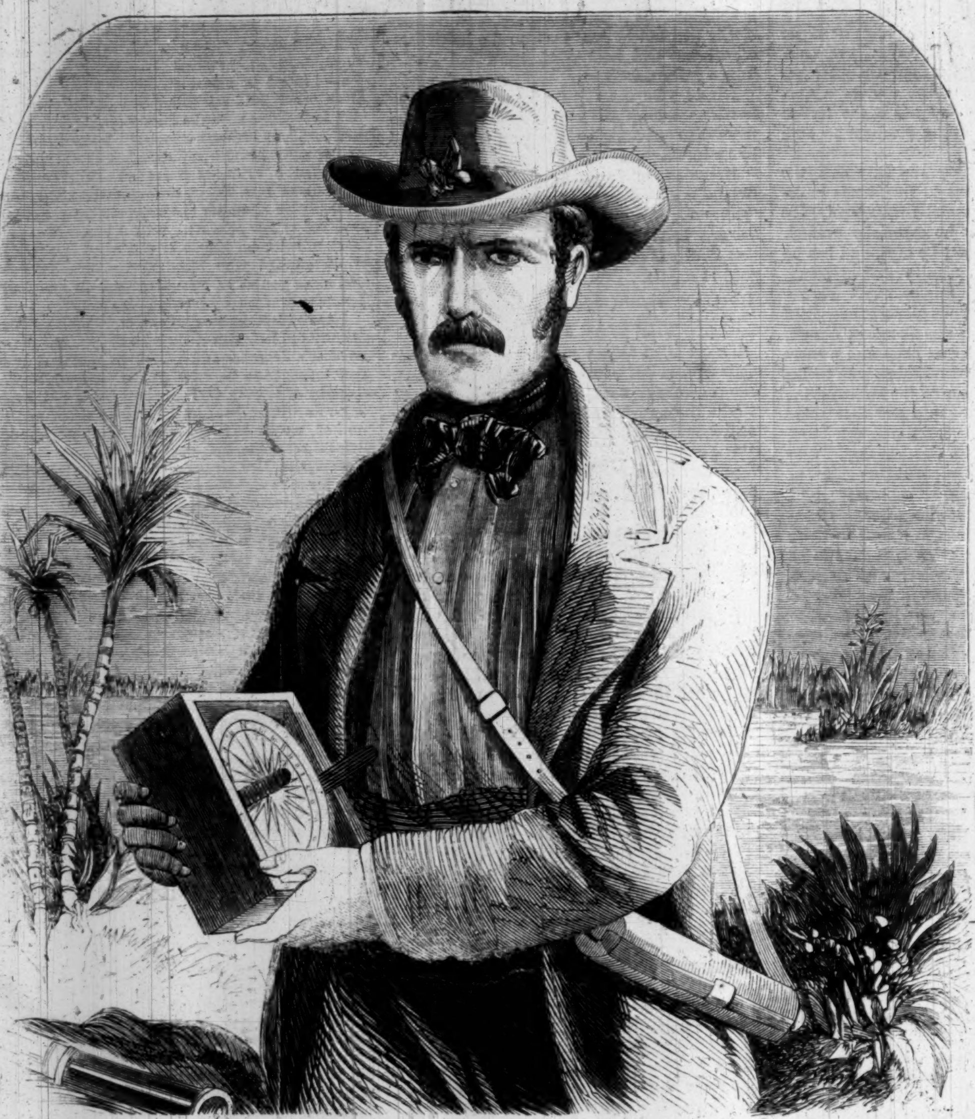
It is so pleasant, though, to see the little dears all dressed up like princes and princesses, sailor-boys and vivandières, Turks and Russians, Swiss and Prussians, Bayaderes and Persians, polkaing and waltzing, blushing and coquetting, panting and flushing! So it is pleasant to eat eels skinned alive, to dine on crimped cod, to touch the palate with *paté de foie gras*, but it is not natural or humane. Recollect, insatiate gourmands, that what is pleasure to you is pain to your victim. Torture your eels, slash and cut your living fish, hand over your geese to a cruel, lingering death, but "spare the babies!"

THE PLEASURE OF BEING GARROTED.

It may be some consolation, in the panic got up by the penny-a-liners in the daily papers, to know that it is not so unpleasant a thing after all to be garroted. A physician, who was a victim one night lately, describes the sensation as being something like that of taking chloroform—a little choking at first, but subsequently an agreeable stupor, ending in complete insensibility. The villain comes up stealthily behind you, embraces your neck lovingly with a cushioned arm (a well-stuffed pad filling up the inner bend of the elbow), and having gently squeezed all the feeling out, drops you in a state of stupor upon the pavement, or more mercifully on a bank of snow, and then rifles your pockets. The medical authority informs us that garroting is like the early stage of drowning, dangerous perhaps, but not painful; in fact, rather pleasant than otherwise. He tells us that, in accordance with theory and as confirmed by experiment, the circulation of arterial blood being prevented by the pressure around the arteries of the neck, there is a stagnation of nervous blood in the brain, which causes a torpor in that centre of sensibility, and necessarily an incapability of appreciating pain. If not disposed to test this fact, we would recommend our readers to provide themselves with a five-dollar bill, taking care to leave their watches at home, and on the approach of a garroter, to turn around, if quick enough, facing the rogue, and if there happens to be no policeman, which is usually the case, within call, to compromise the matter with a proffer of the sum in hand. Seriously, however, we believe that there has been a great deal of unnecessary alarm, and that the cases, which have been so industriously published in the daily papers, of garroting, are no more than the ordinary knocking downs of our ill-regulated city. These are certainly bad enough, and the police should be stirred out of their warm hiding-places and taught to keep a better look-out upon the villains who nightly frighten our city from its propriety. Serious as the subject is, we can not refrain from telling a good story apropos to the garrote. A victim who did not live in the Fifth Avenue, and whose fate it was to have received more of the kicks than of the coppers of the world, having quickly recovered from the insensibility into which he had been choked, burst out into a hearty laugh. "What are you laughing at?" gruffly demands the footpad. "Laughing at? Why I'm laughing to see you trying to find money by night in pockets where there never was, to my certain knowledge, any by day!"

LECTURING TO EMPTY BOXES.

Somehow or other, the two shillings do not shower this season as copiously as usual into the hats of the fashionable lecturers. Is it the fear of the garrote—with its clutch upon the throat, and the hand rifling the pocket—or the dread of Jack Frost's icy nip, which keeps the people away from the road to the lecture-room and its preachments? No! Opera-cloaks, cowslip kids, and satin shoes still throng—in spite of the garrote panic at fever-heat, and the thermometer at ten degrees below zero—the Academy of Music, the charity balls and concerts, and the Receptions of Fashion. People, in fact, are tired of the lectures, for they have found out, what with their books and newspapers, they have at home all and more than they can get from the peripatetic would-be philosophers. The first curiosity over, and the great man seen, there is the sober second thought that, with your library, your *Harper's Weekly*, and your glowing fireside, there is more to be learned and enjoyed within than without. Inasmuch as this change tends to the cultivation of home delights, we rejoice at it.



DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, IN HIS TRAVELING COSTUME.

DR. LIVINGSTONE,

THE GREAT EXPLORER OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THEY always have a lion in England. One at a time usually, and we are as fond of seeing the animal as our cousins over the water.

The Rev. David Livingstone, M.D., and therefore fairly *entitled* to be called Dr. Livingstone, is just now the hero of the hour, and we have given his portrait—a vivid picture of the man whose travels, adventures, and discoveries in the interior of Africa, are only excelled by the heroism, philanthropy, and self-sacrifice which he has displayed.

He comes home, too, after an absence of sixteen years, with a broken arm, which he was fortunate enough to rescue from the jaws of a lion. But he lives to tell the story of his escape, as well as all the accidents by field and flood that he has suffered, in these years of toilsome journeys in an unknown world. The life of such a man can not fail to be deeply interesting as well as instructive.

David Livingstone is a native of the little village of Blantyre, in Scotland, and in early life was employed in a cotton-mill, as a piecer-boy. But in the midst of his daily labor he was smitten with a desire to learn from books, and earning money as a spinner in the summer months, he went to Glasgow to school in the winter, and there laid the foundation for those studies that have had such splendid fruits in his maturer life. It is wonderful to know that the man whose name is now a household word in Great Britain, and is mentioned with praise in every part of the civilized world, was engaged in the spinning business up to the year 1840! What a work he has accomplished since! At that period, with a mind improved by education, and a heart filled with a burning desire to be useful to his fellow-men in dark parts of the earth, he entered into the service of the London Missionary Society. His studies had been medical as well as religious, and, like Parker in China, House in Siam, and Grant in Persia, he aimed at doing good to the bodies as well as the souls of his fellow-men. The former often opens the door most happily and widely to the latter. The Society sent him out to Africa, and he stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was at first employed in astronomical pursuits. This was not the object, by any means, of his mission, for he was expected to push on into the interior to take charge of the Kuruman mission station, now temporarily vacant in the absence of the celebrated Moffatt. Having made himself familiar with the details of the science to which he had so suddenly given his attention, he resumed his journeys, and reaching the station, entered at once with ardor and success upon the great work to which he had now devoted his life. He found the intrepid Moffatt a man after his own heart, and his daughter so much like her father that he took her to himself as his wife, and she now shares in the honors which his success has won. For in the circumscribed sphere of missionary labor at a single station, he began to contemplate the conquest of Africa to civilization and Christianity. For eight years he had toiled on within a limited circle, now and then making a tour into the wilderness beyond, and thus feeling his way for more distant and dangerous expeditions. His father-in-law listened to his plans and daring purposes, and while he gave him the assurance of his own approval, it was his conviction that duty to the work on which he was engaged, as a translator of the Scriptures, required him to remain at home. But on the 1st of June, 1849, he set off with Messrs. Oswald and Murray from Kolobeng, in Southern Africa, two hundred miles north of the station of the Kuruman, and struck into the desert in search of a lake, which was reported to lie beyond, in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded by a large population in the heart of Africa. The sufferings of the party in this first expedition were terrible, especially from thirst, the native chief, Sekomi, having driven off the Bushmen, who alone could point out the places where springs of water could be found. In spite of these distresses they held on their way until the *Fourth* of July, when they were delivered from death by reaching the magnificent River Zouga. Along its winding banks they pursued their journey for three hundred miles, and at last their eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of the LAKE NGAMI.

Just now this lake, and the region of country in which it lies, has been made familiar by the publication of Andersson's Travels (Harper & Brothers, 1856), a volume of more than romantic charm. Dr. Livingstone reached the eighth degree of south latitude, that is, twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, and far beyond the range of any former traveler. This Lake Ngami is away to the west of the hunting-grounds of Gordon Cumming, the lion-killer, who is now, with a beard like the mane of the king of beasts, exhibiting himself and his exploits to the Londoners nightly at half-a-crown a head.

In a subsequent journey, in 1851, the doctor reached the town of Sebitoane, in the midst of numerous and powerful tribes, possessed of great herds of cattle and abundance of grain. Here, too, away in the interior, where we have been accustomed to suppose that the blackness of darkness reigned supreme, and the lowest depths of human degradation were reached, Dr. Livingstone found a tribe, the Banyeti, among whom were excellent smiths, making ox and sheep bells, spears, knives, needles, and hoes of superior workmanship. Iron of a very superior quality abounds among them; and they force it from the native ore, and fashion it with skill into the tools that they need. They are famed in Africa as builders of canoes, which they make from a fine, light but strong wood called molompi. The country here was intersected by deep rivers, and being subject to periodical inundations, was not favorable to the health of Europeans, and did not promise, on that account, to be a desirable point for the establishment of mission stations. He returned to his own field, but his heart still was bent on another attempt to find a way through the continent to the sea-coast.

On this expedition he entered June 8th, 1852, and after almost insurmountable hardships, he succeeded in reaching St. Paul de Loando, on the West Coast, in latitude five degrees south, or about thirty degrees north of the Cape. His health had suffered sadly, and it was feared his journey of life had come to an end. But it had only begun. He rallied, rose from a bed of suffering, and girding himself for another and yet greater exploit, he strode across the continent, from shore to shore, a feat without a parallel, and on the 26th day of May, 1856, reached Quilimane, on the Eastern Coast! Take the map of Africa; study the region between ten and twenty degrees of south latitude, and form some conception of the nature and terrors of a tour over that part of the world.

Yet the Doctor found a race of people even there, with kindly feelings and some noble traits. Like Ledyard, he testifies to the special kindness of the women. The "Women's Rights Society" should organize a colony of their own at once, and settle themselves on the only ground as yet discovered on the face of the earth where the ladies bear the sway. But in Central Africa they have the upper hand—*they feed the men.*

There is a happy land
Far, far away,

where the doctrines of Lucy Stone and Mrs. Rose are in the ascendant. The women are often made chieftains. If a divorce occurs, it is generally the woman who divorces the man. If a man is wanted to do a piece of work, before he makes the bargain he has to go and consult his wife. If a woman beats her husband, she is taken to the market-place and then compelled to carry her husband home on her back amidst the cheers of the people, among whom the women are heard to cry out, "Hit him again!" Doctor Livingstone tells of one poor fellow, who asked a favor of one of his wives; she sent him to number two, and she told him to go to the one he loved best; and at last, in despair, he climbed to the top of a tree and sung out, "I thought I had five wives, but I find I have got five witches!"

The country Dr. Livingstone traversed in this last journey was covered with a net-work of rivers, many of which were large and deep, and never dried up. In many parts it abounded in elephants, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, and the Doctor shot three antelopes of a species not yet known in England. He did not find it necessary to carry provisions with him, for these wild animals knew nothing of a gun, and would stand within bow-shot of him when he fired. The new articles of commerce which he had discovered were chiefly fibrous substances, some of them exceedingly strong, and one resembling flax.

The sugar-cane grew abundantly, though the natives had no idea of the use of sugar. Indigo grew wild all over the country; acres of it he saw at one time near a village, where it was looked upon as a weed. Wax and honey, quinine and senna, were also among the natural products of the country. And gold! yes, the yellow ore that has lured the greedy thousands to California and Australia—gold has been found while the inhabitants were working coal-fields. From time immemorial they had been washing for gold, and are at it still. Near to the village of Tete, where indigo was so abundant, there were eleven seams of coal, one of which was fifty-seven inches thick. So fertile was the soil, and so genial the climate, that a constant process of sowing and reaping was going on the whole year round.

These glowing pictures seem like those brought home by the first adventurers into the heart of our southern lands. And these reports are made by a man of coolness as well as courage, who has had no ends to reach but the good of his fellow-men, to whom he will now open the door for the introduction of the arts of civilized life, and the priceless blessings of the Christian religion.

When he came down from the north with his men, all his goods having been expended before he reached the Makalolo country, the people supplied all his wants without fee or reward. His men were delighted with the journey to the coast, saying that they had been to the end of the world. "The ancients," they said, "have always told us that the world has no end; but we have been to the end of it. We went marching on with our father, believing what the ancients told us to be true. All at once the world said to us, 'I am finished—there is no more of me.' It was all sea in front."

The people were remarkably free from disease, and were very prolific. About twenty years ago the small-pox and measles visited them, and a great many of them died; but they had never come since. There was no consumption, no scrofula, no hydrophobia, and there was not much madness, though cases did sometimes occur. Many diseases which prevailed in England were quite unknown among the negro family. Notwithstanding all the wars and all the kidnapping, they were still a numerous race; and he had no doubt, from his observations, that they were as much preserved for the purposes of mercy as were God's ancient people, the Jews.

This great traveler has traced the course of the river Zambesi, and penetrated the country of the true Negro race. Many of them had never seen a white man before. But they all had a religion of their own, believed in a state of existence after death, worshiped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in the woods. One of these natives accompanied the Doctor to the coast and was coming to England with him, but when he got to the Mauritius, he was so excited with the steamships and other evidences of civilization, that he went mad, leaped into the sea, and was drowned.

While traveling in the desert with a friendly tribe of Africans, a herd of lions broke into their camp and carried off some of their cattle. The natives were panic-struck, but the Doctor called them on to pursue the enemy. He shot down a lion, but in its death-struggles it turned upon him and seized him by the arm, crushing it below the shoulder. The natives drew the beast from him, and it fell dead.

This is the man whom England is now delighting to honor. The scientific and religious societies vie with each other in applauding the perseverance and success of the man who has opened new paths for commerce and the Gospel. Already he is preparing to return and resume his labors in the field of his recent adventures and triumphs.

The fact that Dr. Livingstone has a brother, who is a clergyman, residing in the United States, connects his name in an association with our own country, which gives an increased interest, if possible, in all that concerns the great African traveler, whose life and adventures we have recorded.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

IT is a quiet winter day;
  Alone, in musing sadness, I
  Gaze out upon the sunless sky,
The drifting clouds of sombre gray.

Beneath my window in the street,
  A group of romping children throw,
  In mimic battle, balls of snow,
While echoing laughter, wild and sweet,

Floats upward on the frosty air,
  And ringing through my lonely room,
  Stirs suddenly its silent gloom,
An answering memory wakening there.

I listen with a throb of pain—
  For just so innocent and free
  There rang a little voice for me,
That I shall never hear again.

A baby-voice that knew not how
  To frame its accents into words,
  So chirped in music, like the birds:
It speaks a sweeter language now.

One that I hear sometimes in dreams,
  Saying, "*Mother, mother!*" with a tone
  More wonderful than was her own;
And waking then, its cadence seems

To wander through the atmosphere
  With such a vivid presence still,
  That all my pulses leap and thrill
With joy, as though my child were near!

But she is not; and in her place
  I only find upon my breast
  A tiny golden locket pressed,
That holds the picture of her face.

I clasp it now within my hand—
  How tenderly, how tenderly,
  The mothers who have lost, like me,
A little child, can understand.

Here, exquisite in miniature,
  Her little self before me lies;
  Her dainty mouth; her shy, sweet eyes;
Her dimpled shoulders, round and pure.

Ah me! how many times and oft
  My lips have kissed with fond delight
  Those baby-shoulders, warm and white;
That little mouth so red and soft!

And now they lie beneath the snow,
  In straightened stillness, white and cold;
  The locket here is all I hold,
And other children play below.

A moment on the laughing band
  I look down sadly; then again,
  With more of gladness than of pain,
I kiss the picture in my hand.

I kiss the sweet, uplifted eyes—
  Too faint a copy of her own—
  And am content with this alone,
For hers look over Paradise;

And in their ever-widening range
  They see no trace of sin or woe,
  Nor shadow of a fear shall know,
Nor any sorrow-working change.

The bitter lot that might have been
  Appointed for her earthly life;
  The restlessness; the hopeless strife
Of weak convictions battling sin;

Were never known, and ne'er shall be.
  Thank God! their shadow never falls
  Beyond the shining jasper walls,
Or lies across the golden sea.

But for these merry ones below,
  So careless now in joyous play,
  Who knows what dangers crowd the way,
What bitter stream of life shall flow?

Ah me! I clasp the picture tight
  Upon my breast, where oft the child
  Has lain, and in her gladness smiled,
And thank God she has taken flight!

This token is enough for me,
  Till He shall give me of His grace,
  Within His heaven my humble place,
And her, for all eternity!

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF A STANZA OF BRYANT.

Perhaps the four most familiar lines of **BRYANT** are the oft-quoted

> Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
>   The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
>   And dies among his worshipers.

They occur in a poem entitled "The Battle Field," first published in the opening number of the *Democratic Review*. The stanza was first prominently singled out, we believe, in **MR. FORREST'S** celebrated Fourth of July oration of the following season. The poem contains other verses worthy to rank with the admired quotation for fiery and spirited remonstrance and encouragement. Indeed, noble as are the uses to which the lines are often applied as the motto of journals, of banners, of political orators, it is injustice to the poet and his theme to separate them from the context. After describing the contrast between the "soft turf" and the ancient "battle cry," the poet turns to the moral encounter in the struggle of life:

> Soon rested those who fought; but thou
>   Who minglest in the harder strife
> For truths which men receive not now,
>   Thy warfare only ends with life.
>
> A friendless warfare! lingering long
>   Through weary day and weary year.
> A wild and many-weaponed throng
>   Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.
>
> Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
>   And blench not at thy chosen lot.
> The timid good may stand aloof,
>   The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.
>
> Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
>   The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
> For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
>   The victory of endurance born.
>
> Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
>   The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
>   And dies among his worshipers.
>
> Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
>   When they who helped thee flee in fear,
> Die full of hope and manly trust,
>   Like those who fell in battle here.
>
> Another hand thy sword shall wield,
>   Another hand the standard wave,
> Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
>   The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

The personification of the wounded Error has its original or counterpart in **MILTON'S** description of Dagon in the assembly of the false gods (Paradise Lost, I. 457-462).

>   Next came one
> Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
> Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
> In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
> Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers:
> Dagon his name.

WORDSWORTH has a similar idea of the rise of freedom in a little poem dated 1833. It is the complement of **BRYANT'S** idea; the one looking to the triumph of the future, the other inculcating philosophical equanimity and repose in the present:

> If this great world of joy and pain
>   Revolve in one sure track;
> If freedom, set, will rise again,
>   And virtue, flown, come back;
> Woe to the purblind crew who fill
>   The heart with each day's care;
> Nor gain, from past or future, skill
>   To bear and to forbear.

AMERICAN READERS.

It is curious and, we may add, agreeable to note the improved condition of native American literature in its increasing reception by multitudes of readers. In periodical literature especially, a glance at the history of undertakings of this kind, even of a few years since, will call before us the change. Till within a short time there has hardly been a really pecuniarily productive literary periodical in the country. The best of this class fifty years ago was the *Port-Folio*. It had an editor in **DENNIE** thoroughly up to his work, and, what was as much to the matter, heartily in love with his vocation. It would amuse and perplex a new generation which supplies, at a moderate calculation, half a million of readers to *Harper's Magazine*, to reproduce one of his old Prospectuses. The appeal, the apology, the cry for support, the deprecation of censure, the earnestness of invocation to a lagging audience, have a touch of melancholy—spite of their eloquence. In one of these productions the editor lays hold of the skirts of the lawyers. Think of a literary enterprise of the general character of the *Port-Folio* at the present day appealing to any class for support. The compliment to the bar was well deserved, and is now noteworthy as an anecdote of intellectual progress. "Both in taking and maintaining his literary ground," writes **DENNIE**, "he has been most ably seconded by the lawyers of the country; men who are unquestionably the best patrons which literature can hope to find in America. Quick to invent ingenious and useful papers, and powerful to disseminate them; eager to encourage and generous to reward merit, they frequently unite in one the author, the publisher, and the patron. The editor's heart would be like the clod of the valley, and his nerves would cease to vibrate, if he felt not the genial influence of that profession which inscribes on her rolls the names of those who, by the acumen of genius, the energy of eloquence, and the researches of study, have attained the summit of forensic eminence, and who 'graft on the rough and knotty stock of jurisprudence' the scions of taste and polite literature.

>   Through the varied maze
> Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick and strong,
> Profound and clear, who roll the copious flood."

PITT AND BROUGHAM.

In the year 1812, at the age of twenty-four, **HENRY BROUGHAM** contested the representation of Liverpool in the British House of Commons with **GEORGE CANNING**, and was defeated. His speech to the electors was a flood of fiery Demosthenian eloquence, facts, emotions, appeals rising upon one another in a swelling tide. Arraigning the policy of his antagonists, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of **MR. PITT**—or as they partially designate him, the immortal Statesman now no more—**IMMORTAL** in the miseries of his devoted country—immortal in the wounds of its bleeding liberties—immortal in the cruel wars which sprung from his cold, miscalculating ambition—immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which those wars have flung upon us, which the youngest man among us will not live to see the end of—immortal in the triumphs of our enemies and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchases of so much blood and treasure—immortal in the afflictions of England and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted Court gilded his early apostasy to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally. (*Shouts all over the multitude lasting for some minutes at this allusion to Moscow.*) But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot—let me rather live innocent and inglorious—and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument in some nameless stone to tell that beneath it there rests from his labors in your cause AN ENEMY OF THE IMMORTAL STATESMAN—A FRIEND OF PEACE AND OF THE PEOPLE."

The day on which this speech was delivered the Government Proclamation announcing the issuing of Letters of Marque and Reprisals against the United States was published in Liverpool. "God of his infinite compassion," exclaimed **BROUGHAM**, stating this piece of news, "take pity on us! God help and protect this poor town and this whole trading country!"

"Friends," he concludes, "you must now judge for yourselves and act accordingly. Against us, and against you stand those who call themselves the successors of that man (the 'immortal statesman!'). They are the heirs of his policy—and if not of his immortality too, it is only because their talents for the work of destruction are less transcendant than his—they are his surviving colleagues. His fury survives in them, if not his fire—and they partake of all his infatuated principles, if they have lost the genius that first made those principles triumphant. If you choose them for your delegates, you know to what policy you lend your sanction—what men you exalt to power. Should you prefer me, your choice falls upon one who, if obscure and unambitious, will at least give his own age no reason to fear him, or posterity to curse him—one whose proudest ambition it is to be deemed *the friend of Liberty and Peace*."

BROUGHAM'S proposed inscription for his tombstone—"An enemy of Pitt"—became quite celebrated, and drew from some Tory wit an epigram:

> Brougham, on his tomb-stone, would have writ—
> "Here lies the enemy of Pitt."
> And half the line, at least, applies;
> For ev'ry one admits—"He lies."

POETRY AND PROSE.

"I wish," said **COLERIDGE**, "our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose—words in their best order; poetry—the *best* words in the best order."

NICE MEN AND NASTY IDEAS.

LEIGH HUNT has fairly—as an advocate engaged on the side of human nature—answered one of **SWIFT'S** most dangerous sneers. "Swift, indeed," Hunt remarks in one of his little known periodicals, the *Monthly Repository*, "has said that 'a nice man is a man of nasty ideas;' which may be true of some kinds of nice men, but is certainly not of all. The difference depends upon whether the leading idea of a man's mind is beauty or deformity. A man, undoubtedly, may avoid what is unbecoming, from thinking too nicely of it; but in that case the habitual idea is deformity. On the other hand, he may tend to the becoming out of such an habitual love of the beautiful, that the mind naturally adjusts itself to that side of things, without thinking of the other; just as some people affect grace and others are graceful by a certain harmony of nature, moving their limbs properly without endeavoring to do so; or just as some people give money out of ostentation or for fear of being thought stingy, while others do it for the pure delight of giving. Swift might as well have said of these latter, that they were people of penurious ideas, as that all who love cleanliness and decorum are people of nasty ones. The next step in logic would be, that a rose was only a rose, because it had an excessive tendency to be a thistle."

A HINT TO BOOKMAKERS.

The Beauties of authors is a common form of publication. Is it not a fact, creditable to the general benevolence of human nature and the prevalence of good taste, that we never hear of the Deformities of authors? It would, applied to certain popular authors, certainly be an entertaining method, and might be of some benefit to author and reader. Critics formerly practiced largely on that idea. In the last century there was a pamphlet published, *The Deformities of Fox and Burke; faithfully selected from their Speeches*, to meet a previous collection of *Beauties*.

COURT DAYS.

LORD MANSFIELD (we find the story in Miss Hawkins' *Anecdotes*) paid little regard to the holydays of the Church of England. He had not suspended the business of the Court in which he presided for the sake of Ash-Wednesday, and even the decision of "currat lex" had given offense to some who regarded the commencement of Lent; but making an attempt to proceed with business on Good Friday, he was resisted by Sergeant **DAVY**, who, on his announcing his intention, told him that his Lordship would be "the first Judge who had done so since Pontius Pilate."

AN ACCUSATION AND AN APOLOGY.

A clergyman preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman, to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher; he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

A PULPIT SIMILE.

A simile often employed by preachers has its original in **COWLEY**—that in which life is compared to a narrow isthmus between two Eternities. The lines are in the "Pindarique Ode" on "Life and Fame:"

> Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
> Up betwixt two Eternities;
>   Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
> But broken and overwhelm'd, the endless
>   Oceans meet again.

PERSONALITIES OF CHARLES LAMB.

Twenty-two years have now elapsed since the death of the gentle "Elia," yet his memory is as tenderly cherished by a new generation as by the friends who participated in his kindness, the sharers of his wisdom, his jests, and his homely, hearty hospitality. We have accidentally lighted upon a personal notice of the man, published shortly after his decease, by his chosen companion, the well-known publisher, **EDWARD MOXON**. Several of the anecdotes are well known; some of them, we think, have escaped the diligent biographers. "Lamb's tastes in many respects were most singular. He preferred Wardour Street and Seven Dials to fields that were Elysian. The disappearance of the old clock from St. Dunstan's Church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where Exeter Change once stood. The removal had spoilt a reality in Gay. The passer-by, he said, no longer saw 'the combs dangle in his face.' This almost broke his heart. He had no taste for flowers or green fields; he preferred the high road. The Garden of Eden, he used to say, must have been a dull place. He had a strong aversion to roast beef and to fowls, and to any wines but port or sherry. Tripe and cow-heel were to him delicacies—rare dainties!

"All his books were without portraits; nor did he ever preserve, with two exceptions, a single letter. He had a humorous method of testing the friendship of his visitors; it was, whether in their walks they would taste the tap of mine host at the Horse Shoe, or at the Rose and Crown, or at the Rising Sun! But a member of the Temperance Society, on these occasions, could not have been more abstemious. A single glass would suffice. We have seen ladies enter with him—the fastidious Barbara S.; and great poets—the author of the 'Excursion' himself! He was no politician, though in his youth he once assisted to draw through the streets **CHARLES JAMES FOX**! Nor was he a man of business. He could not pack up a trunk or tie up a parcel. Yet he was methodical, punctual in his appointments, and an excellent paymaster. A debt haunted him! He could not live in another person's books! He wished to leave a friend a small sum of money; but 'to have done with the thing,' as he said, gave it to him before-hand. If an acquaintance dropped in of an evening before supper, he would instantly, without saying a word, put on his hat and go and order an extra supply of porter. He has done this for us a hundred times! Relics and keepsakes had no charm for him! A traveler once brought him some acorns from an ilex that grew over the tomb of Virgil. He threw them at the hackney-coachmen as they passed by his window! And there is a story, that he once sat to an artist of his acquaintance for a whole series of the British Admirals; but for what publication we never heard."

LITERARY.

A TREATISE ON THE NATURE, PRINCIPLES, AND RULES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, ETC., *by Alexander M. Burrill, Counselor at Law*. New York: J. S. Voorhees.

Mr. Burrill is author and editor of several valuable law-books, but none more so than this, upon a subject that has of late years attracted more than ordinary attention, and upon which a good American book has been much needed.

The popular prejudice against conviction upon circumstantial evidence, needs information and checking; and it is to be regretted that we can not hope for the present volume any much more extensive reading than it will obtain in law libraries and in the courts.

The assertion that no evidence is so powerful as circumstantial evidence, is met with indignant denial by the ordinary mass of people, and yet it is undeniably true—true in theory and true in experience—that it is oftentimes safer to hang a man who is convicted of murder by the circumstances of the case, than a man who is found guilty on the evidence of eye-witnesses. Circumstances, weighed by proper judgments and on proper rules, never lie; while witnesses and the human senses not infrequently are found false. The reason for the prejudice of which we have spoken is in this, that men imagine that kind of circumstantial evidence to be relied on which amounts only to a strong probability. Such is not the kind or amount of evidence necessary. The rule which is correctly laid down is this: That circumstances may be found which will be more conclusive and approach more nearly a certainty of evidence than eyesight itself.

Without pausing to discuss this proposition, for which we have no space, we condense from the volume before us one of the most remarkable cases on record, by way of showing how much dependence is to be placed on the human senses of even fifty concurring witnesses:

> *Martin Guerre*, of Biscay, had married a woman of Artignes, and having quarreled with his father, disappeared from the country. Eight years after his departure, a person, afterward ascertained to be *Arnaud du Tilh*, appeared, representing himself to be Guerre. The family were completely deceived, even Guerre's wife, who received him as her husband, and he lived with her three years under that name, in which time they had two children. Four sisters and two brothers-in-law of Guerre also were deceived, and the entire community; nor was it till the end of these three years that any one suspected the deception. Then an uncle of Guerre was led to doubt the man, and a prosecution was issued before the criminal judge of Rieux. On his examination, he answered correctly a great variety of questions that were put to him to test his identity, in relation to his birth, his youth, his marriage, and other subjects, all which were confirmed by their agreement with the answers of the wife to the same interrogatories. Nearly one hundred and fifty witnesses were examined, of whom some thirty or forty deposed that the accused was *Martin Guerre*, basing their belief on their intimate acquaintance with him from infancy, and on certain scars and marks on his person; while as many identified him as *Arnaud du Tilh*; and the rest were so puzzled that they did not dare express an opinion. He was condemned by the Judge, but appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, where he had a new trial and decidedly gained the court. Before their decision, thirty more witnesses were examined, who were divided about as before. Among these were the four sisters of Guerre, who deposed that he was their brother. Most of the witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre had two strokes under his right eyebrow, and that his left eye was blood-shot; that the nail of his first finger was crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand, and another on his little finger—all of which were visible on the prisoner.
>
> While the Parliament remained in doubt, Martin Guerre appeared in person. The prisoner charged him with being an impostor; but now, on being confronted in open court with all the witnesses, they were unanimous in recognizing the true Martin, and the impostor was condemned. He afterward made a confession, stating where and how he was led by his remarkable resemblance to Martin to personate him, and to procure information about him for his own purposes.

YAHVEH CHRIST; or, the Memorial Name, *by Alexander M'Whorter, Yale University*. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. M'Whorter has attempted an exegetical examination of the Hebrew word יְהוָה, which is translated in our Bible **JEHOVAH**, and which he thinks is properly read **YAHVEH**, which he supposes to be the third person singular of the future of the verb **HAYAH**, which in its old form was **HAVAH**. The word then, in place of signifying **I AM**, should be translated "**HE WILL BE**," and as a noun or name should be understood to mean "**HE WHO WILL BE**." The result of this proof, if successful, would be to establish as a fact what has long been held in theory by eminent divines, that Christ the **MESSIAH** is constantly mentioned in the Old Testament as a present, existing, and acting God—that the error in the translations arose from erroneous vowel points, which thus changed the pronunciation of the word and the person and tense of the verb.

The Hebrew language was originally destitute of vowels, and of vowel points. It was written with the consonants only, until the Masorites, about the sixth century after Christ, added the points now in use, at or about which time the author supposes the error to have been made or confirmed. There is, of course, strong ground for Mr. M'Whorter's idea, and the passages which he cites in the Old Testament, in which this word occurs, possess a new, and oftentimes startling signification, when his different rendering of this word—which he calls **THE MEMORIAL NAME**—is substituted. The book deserves a close examination by Biblical scholars.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MINISTERIAL LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN JOHNSTON, D.D., Edited and Compiled *by the Rev. James Carnahan, D.D.* New York: M. W. Dodd. 1 vol. 12mo.

A simple memorial of a good man, whose memory is precious, prepared by his friend in youth and age, the late President of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. To many who are now in and of the world, busy working men, toiling, anxious, care-worn men, whose days are wearisome and whose nights are sleepless, but who have hearts to remember the old things in the up country, this book, much of which is autobiographical, in the quaint and characteristic style of the good man that is gone, will recall his face in the pulpit, his voice in the Sunday morning prayer, and a thousand scenes of that calm and holy life, which was an example to be imitated, and is a blessing to be remembered.

THE RUSSELL FAMILY, *by Anna Hastings*. New York: M. W. Dodd 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a story of an American family, relating the histories of the children, their perils in life, both physical and moral, their rescue and final settlement in pleasant homes.

The scenes are laid in the Far West, in Rome, in Connecticut, and elsewhere. There is much in the little volume that is pleasant and pleasantly related.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Ivors. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," etc. 2 vols. 12mo, $1 50.

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Bassini's Art of Singing; An Analytical, Physiological and Practical System for the Cultivation of the Voice. Edited by R. Storrs Willis. 4to, $4.

CHARLESTON.

M'Carter & Co.

History of South Carolina. By William James Rivers, Professor of Greek Literature in the College of South Carolina. 1 vol. 8vo, $2.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 20th, in the Senate, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, introduced a bill to repeal all laws allowing bounties to vessels engaged in the cod fisheries. After discussion, the bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce, on Mr. Seward's motion. A bill to establish a naval dépôt at Brunswick, Georgia, was discussed. In the House a bill was passed to extend the land laws to lands lying east of the Cascade Mountains. The application of the people of Arizonia for a territorial government, and other territorial matters were discussed.—On Wednesday, Senator Green, of Missouri, having taken his seat, a petition against three-dollar and three-cent pieces was presented, and debate followed on the Submarine Telegraph Bill. In the House, the refusal of the *Times* correspondent to answer the questions put to him by the Investigating Committee, and the means proposed to make him answer, occupied the whole day.—On Thursday, after discussion, in which Senator Pugh, of Ohio, opposed a money-grant to the Submarine Telegraph, on the ground that it would be under the control of Great Britain, and Senator Benjamin and others contended that a grant was proper, the Submarine Telegraph Bill was passed by 29 to 18. A substituted bill to enforce the attendance of witnesses before the Investigating Committee, reported to the House by Mr. Davis, of Maryland, was received, referred to the Judicial Committee, and reported back with a favorable recommendation. Objection being taken by Senator Wilson, the Senate adjourned. In the House an ineffectual attempt was made to have the vote condemning the correspondent of the *Times* to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms reconsidered. A bill creating the office of surveyor-general of Nebraska was passed.—On Friday, the Senate passed the House bill to secure the attendance of witnesses before the Investigating Committee, Messrs. Hale, Pugh, and Wilson alone voting against it. In the House twenty-two private bills were passed.—On Saturday, Senator Nourse appeared as Senator from Maine, and was qualified. The credentials of Senator Sumner, from Massachusetts, were presented. Several private bills were passed. In the House, Mr. Chester, another contumacious witness, was produced by the Sergeant-at-arms, and, on motion of Mr. Letcher, was required to say, in writing and under oath, why he had not obeyed the summons of the Committee, and whether he would answer the questions put to him. Several private bills were then passed.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The prisoner Simonton, the correspondent of the *Daily Times*, is still in custody. He appeared before the House on Wednesday, 21st, and made a speech in his defense, after which he was committed to the charge of the Sergeant-at-arms. An application for a *habeas corpus* was talked of, but this was abandoned in view of the operation of the new law now passed by both Houses. Mr. Simonton is to appear to-day (Monday) and answer, or incur the penalties of the law. It is said that Colonel Chester, the other witness apprehended, together with four other individuals, are resolved to refuse to answer the questions put to them, and defy the Committee. The constitutionality of the new law is likely to be tested.

THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Legislature of New York has been in session all the week, but nothing of importance has been done.

The inaugural of the new Governor of New Jersey, Dr. Newell, has been published. The most striking passage in it is that wherein he states that the pride and dignity of New Jersey will not allow her to suffer Sandy Hook to be used as a quarantine.

The Message of Governor Bashford, of Wisconsin, thus refers to the last Presidential Message: "I can not allow this occasion to pass without repelling the grossly unjust imputations cast upon the people of this, in common with those of a majority of the Free States, by the present Chief Magistrate of the Republic, in his late annual Message. A large majority of the electors of Wisconsin stand charged by him with hostility to other portions of the Union; with a desire to interfere with the domestic institutions of other States; and with participating in a revolutionary movement, the object of which is attainable only by the path of civil strife, and which would inevitably lead to the disruption of the country. The mildest language I can apply to such charges is to pronounce them unjust and unwarrantable."

Senator Harlan has been re-elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Iowa, by a majority of 30 over his pro-slavery Democratic opponent.

Hon. Joseph Doolittle has been nominated Republican candidate for Senator from Wisconsin.

Governor Geary says, in his message to the Kansas Legislature at Lecompton, "When the interests of the people shall require a State Government—and a direct popular vote is necessary to give it sanction and effect—then will be the proper occasion, once for all, to decide the grave political questions which underlie all well-regulated commonwealths." The Governor advises the Legislature to let Slavery alone where the Constitution places it, and forego legislation in reference to it, until a State Constitution is formed; recommends that errors and omissions in the Statute Book be corrected; denounces the test-oath act, and recommends its repeal; disapproves of the present mode of selecting jurors, and recommends their election by lot; thinks that adoption of the ballot plan of voting should be insisted on; and suggests the enactment of a law requiring a residence in the Territory of ten days, to prevent illegal voting.

SHIPWRECKS.

The storm of Sunday, 18th, did frightful havoc. The *Tedesco* was lost near Swampscot, with all hands. The bark *New Empire* was lost on Cohasset Reef, crew all saved by the life-boat but one. The ship *California* was lost at same time and place; crew saved. The ship *Orissa* was lost on Nausel Beach; four men drowned. The bark *Ed. A. Cockran* went ashore near Race Point light; all hands saved. A great number of schooners were driven aground and wrecked; and several persons were overtaken by the storm while traveling and frozen to death.

But the most terrible story of the storm is that of the brig *Emmeline* of Penobscot, Maine, which was wrecked off the Highlands. As soon as she was seen heading for the beach, Mr. Wardle, the underwriters' agent and keeper of the life-saving apparatus, drove down to the scene.

FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW.

She lay head on shore, some seventy or eighty yards from the beach, the sea breaking over her starboard side. There were only six men to be seen on board. Whether any others were lying in their bunks below, frost-bitten and unable to crawl up, may never be known. The mainsail was half set, and the sailors getting under the lee of it, were for a while somewhat sheltered from the storm. Captain Haggerty thought that if they had launched their boat over the lee-rail as soon as the brig struck, they might have got safely ashore; but they seemed physically incapable of exertion. Probably they were frost-bitten, or had not strength enough left to launch the boat. As soon as the mortar arrived, Mr. Wardle shot a line over the brig's rigging. The poor fellows cheered a feeble cheer, but it was almost dismal enough for a groan, and one of them tried to clamber up the icy ratlins to catch it. He was evidently too much benumbed, and the attempt was abandoned. Another and another line were thrown over her by Mr. Wardle; but the crew were too far gone to help themselves. Five lines were fired at various elevations across the brig, but not one of them was of any use to the doomed men. It was a terrible storm, the wind driving the sea in huge waves over the vessel, and hailing torrents of sharp sand and pebbles into the faces and eyes of the wreckers on shore. Soon the mainsail gave way, and the sea swept the deck. Some of the men took to the rigging; others went down into the cabin, and one crept upon his belly out upon the bowsprit. Too feeble to help themselves; they looked for aid to the men on shore, and occasionally raised a feeble shout; but they had done all that was possible for their assistance. If the men on the brig had only been able to haul the hawsers out, the life-car could have been sent off to them, and they might have been saved. How painfully the wreckers watched their motions—how imploringly the poor fellows looked toward the shore! Presently those in the cabin crawled on deck again, and another man tried to reach the friendly rope. He too failed. As the tide rose, the wreckers drew back their surf-boats, and the men on the brig, thinking they were about to desert them, set up a wild wail that was heard high above the crash of the storm. Mr. Wardle made signs that he intended to stay by them, and the assurance seemed to cheer them a little. In a little while the man on the bowsprit moved down to the deck, and throwing over the top of the galley, or something like it, leaped into the sea after it. Full fifteen minutes he clung to the float; the raft came toward the beach, the man still on it, and the wreckers crowded down as close as they could to the water to save him. Their humane intentions were defeated, for just as the shipwrecked man was all but within their grasp, the waves dashed him against a high ledge of ice, which projected from the shore, and they saw him no more. As the day wore on, the storm waxed fiercer, and the cold grew more intense, it was evident that no human aid could reach the mariners. Three of them returned to the cabin, and were never seen to come out of it again. A fourth, a young and slender man with black hair and beard, lashed himself along the lee-rail directly under the chain-plates, and laid his head over on the outside, as if to protect it from the salt water. The fifth man ascended the rigging, which had now become heavily incrusted with ice, and held on for a long time.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the man in the rigging loosed his hold and fell backward, dead, on the deck. The young man lashed to the rail was also insensible or dead, for he made no motion for several hours; so the wreckers, having done all that they could, secured their implements, and with heavy hearts wended their way homeward.

A MAN WITHOUT HEART OR LIVER.

Sometime since, a gentleman died in this city. As his corpse was being laid out, his relatives fancied they saw signs of life on his face. They hastily put him to bed, and used restoratives. Some ran for the doctor, and begged him to come quick. Dr. S. listened awhile incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant.

"But," said he, "I hope that you won't be able to restore him—I really hope you won't."

"Why?" asked his visitor, in amazement.

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along—it would be very awkward for him—for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."

REBELLION IN A STATE PRISON.

A story is on foot which sheds a strange light on the system employed in the Auburn State Prison.

It appears that a contractor was insulted in the shop by one of the convicts at work under his contract. The prisoner was at once locked up, and remained in the dungeon over Sunday last. On Monday morning some sixty of the convicts in the machine shop armed themselves with hammers and other tools, and presented a show of fight. The contractor beforementioned inquired of them what they were doing, when they replied,

"We are having a town meeting; how do you vote?"

The contractor withdrew, and a committee of prisoners then went to demand the release of the prisoner; this committee not returning as soon as expected, the whole body, armed with various tools, marched to the hospital. *The prisoner was released*, and the convicts returned to labor. On Tuesday every thing was quiet, but the Auburn Guards were ordered to be in readiness to act instantly if necessary. The contractor has, on grounds of safety, been requested to abstain from visiting the shop.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Stories of garrote robbers and burglars have frightened New York from its propriety of late. Several persons have been attacked, and robbed. Erastus L. De Forest came to this city on the 13th inst. on his way to Havana. On the 14th inst., at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he drew a sum of money from the American Exchange Bank, and since that time he has not been seen or heard of. His baggage still remains at the Metropolitan Hotel, and his friends fear that he has been murdered. It is possible that he may be still living, and that his absence may be hereafter satisfactorily accounted for; but then it must be confessed that the probabilities are all the other way. What are the facts?

GREAT SEIZURE OF DIAMONDS.

The steamer *Washington*, which arrived here the other day from Southampton, contained, among other goods, a wooden box, four feet square, consigned to the firm of Henle Brothers, No. 26 Maiden-lane. The custom-house officer had examined this box and passed it as correct. He had occasion, however, a moment or two afterward, to turn the box over to move it, and make room for another box. In doing so, he accidentally, it seems, struck the toe of his foot pretty heavily against it, when a jingling sound was produced inside that attracted his attention. He thought he would take a second look at the contents of the box, and in doing so, chanced to remove the bottom instead of the top of the box. This lucky blunder discovered a false bottom, and between it and the true bottom a large quantity of valuable diamonds. The box was instantly seized, and Henle Brothers, to whom it was consigned, were arrested. The diamonds were worth $[illegible]. The upper part of the box was filled with a variety of precious stones and cameos.

TRYING ON ONE'S COFFIN.

The other day, at Newburyport, Mass., an old gentleman, between seventy and eighty years of age, accompanied by a sexton, for whom he expected soon to have service, called on a cabinet-maker to inquire the price of coffins. A mahogany one was in view, and the old man, eying it carefully, asked of what wood it was made. Upon being informed, he asked if there were not cheaper ones. He was shown another, which he said was too long; and a third, that was too narrow; and then said he wished one sufficient for a man of five feet eight inches. The desired size was placed before him, when he wanted to look inside. The manufacturer kindly removed the lid, and turned round to place it one side, when, on looking back, what was his surprise to see the old gentleman getting into it and stretching himself out, remarking that it fitted precisely. Satisfied upon that point, he inquired the price. It was very cheap—only seven dollars. "But," responded the sexton, "I can purchase so and so for six and a half." "If you take it from the shop and I am not troubled to put the corpse in, you may take this for six and a half," replied the maker. "Well, well!" said the old man, who was in perfect health, "I want to understand the matter. I don't want to take it now, but would have you keep it for me until I shall need it;" whereupon he, with his sexton friend, departed, leaving the cabinet-maker more astonished than he had ever been in nearly a fifty years' term at coffin making.

A WOMAN CAPTAIN OF A SHIP.

A letter from San Francisco states that the ship *Neptune's Car* arrived November 15. Fifty days ago Captain Patten was attacked with the brain fever, and for the last twenty-five days he has been blind. Previous to his illness he had put the first mate off duty on account of his incompetency. Afterward, the second mate took charge of the ship, but as he did not understand navigation, the Captain's wife worked up the reckoning every day, and brought the ship safely into port. The first mate wrote Mrs. Patten a letter, reminding her of the dangers of the coast and the great responsibility she had assumed, and offered to take charge of the ship, but she stood by the judgment of her husband, and declined the offer. During all this time she acted as nurse to the Captain; studied medicine to learn how to treat his case; shaved his head, and by her constant care and watchfulness kept him alive. She said that for fifty nights she had not undressed herself. Few women could have done so much, and done it so well. She was at once navigator, nurse, physician, and protector of the property intrusted to her husband.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.

THE new Minister, who is to take the place of Sir John Crampton, is Lord Napier. He is descended from the discoverer of logarithms, and is akin to the famous "Charley" Napier, who didn't take Cronstadt; to General Napier, and to the historian of the Peninsular war. By trade Lord Napier has been a diplomatist. He has been well taught. He has practiced the craft of diplomacy in Vienna, Teheran, Constantinople, Naples, St. Petersburg, and again at Constantinople. He is therefore well adapted to represent his country in the East, or at any of the despotic and military Courts of Continental Europe. Whether his experience will serve him at Washington remains to be seen. He is a man of 38 years of age, and is said to possess fair though not shining abilities.

THE PISTOL THAT SHOT HUGH MILLER.

This ill-starred weapon has caused another death. Professor Miller took it to a gunsmith to ascertain how many shots had been fired, and how many were still in the chamber. In the master's absence, the foreman, Thomas Leslie, an old and experienced workman, received the pistol from Professor Miller; and unfortunately, instead of taking off the chamber, he looked into the muzzle, holding the hammer with his finger while he turned the chamber round to count the charges. The hammer slipped from his fingers, struck the cap, and the charge in the barrel exploded. Professor Miller, still standing outside the counter, exclaimed "That's a narrow escape!" but unhappily it was not so, for as the smoke cleared away, he saw the poor man's head gradually droop, and his body then fall lifeless on the floor. The charge had entered his right eye and penetrated the brain. Leslie was a steady, trustworthy man, and had been twenty-five years in his present employment. He has left a widow and a family of eight children.

AWFUL CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

A man named Jackson has just been executed at Chester for the murder of his nephew and niece, two little children. Before his execution he made the following awful statement: "My sister's husband sent the two children to me on the 27th of September; it was a very wet day; it rained all day long; he sent them without shoes or stockings, in the rain, and told the girl who brought them, to turn them into the house where I was stopping and leave them. I told the girl she should not have brought them there, but to take them back, but she ran away; I ran after her, but could not catch her; I had been drinking, so I was quite done over at the time. Mrs. Rogers said she could not have them there; I said I did not want her. My feelings were quite done over. I then went out of the house and went up to the garden, and saw the pit. A thought struck me—the children would be better there than to be starved and knocked about, and the winter coming on. I then went back to Rogers's; I got a small knife out of the jug on the shelf and sharpened it; it is a small knife that Mrs. Rogers got of a militiaman; you will easily know it because it is the only one of the kind in the house, and it has marks on the handle. I took the little girl and went up Eaton Road and across Holden's field to the pit. I then cut her throat and threw her into the hole; there was some water in it; I am sure she was dead before I put her down; she struggled a little. I then went back and fetched the boy; I took him the same road to the pit and cut his throat; I then put him on the top of his sister, and covered them with some soil. I pulled three apples off a tree and put them in my hat; I then went back to Rogers's, and put the knife in the jug, and gave Mrs. Rogers the apples—and many times did I eat my dinner with the same knife afterward. I could not rest day or night. I have been to the pit many times at ten and eleven o'clock at night, and three or four times a day. Until I was taken, all my thoughts were to give myself up, and happy was the day I was taken, and more so when I was condemned, as I knew it was a just reward for my sins. I hope it will be a warning to others to avoid coming to such a wretched end as mine."

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Prince has been traveling *incognito* with his tutor, over his future realm. In some western shire, the landlord of a certain hotel, having reason to expect a visit from his Royal Highness, prepared his best rooms in his best style, and then waited day after day in feverish anxiety. One afternoon a gentleman and a youth arrived at the hotel, and asked if rooms could be had for the night? All the servants were in a bustle immediately, for the landlord was sure he discerned the young prince and his tutor in the newly-arrived travelers. So the best rooms were speedily given to the guests, and every possible comfort was added to make them happy, while the landlord, with a certain knowing look of bland satisfaction, behaved to his royal visitor with the utmost deference, and yet without any open acknowledgment of his rank, as he knew it was desired to keep this concealed. Later in the evening, and when almost every room in the house had been filled, there arrived three more travelers, two gentlemen and a boy. When they asked for bedrooms the landlord said, "Very sorry, gentlemen, we have only room for two of your party, but perhaps we can manage to make up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa." This was done, and in the morning it was found that the youth who had slept on the "shakedown" was the heir of the crown of England, while the boy who occupied the bed meant for the prince was only Master ——, traveling with his father.

A PRINCELY MERCHANT.

Mr. William Brown, of Liverpool, the rich merchant and member of Parliament, has offered to erect at his own cost, a building for a free library at Liverpool. He says:

"I have no wish to interfere with the resolution the council have already come to of leaving the plans in the hands of the corporation surveyor. Probably it will not be unreasonable for me to hope and expect that in some way or other my name will be connected with it, to show that I have endeavored to be useful in my generation, and possibly encourage others who have the means to contribute to useful public works, and that some of my family or executors may be continued on the managing committee."

SQUEERS REDIVIVUS.

A coroner's jury at Battersea has found a schoolmistress, named Meeres (Squeers?), guilty of causing the death of a little girl by starvation. The following touching bit of writing was found scribbled with a pencil in the pocket of a little fellow named Tindall, one of the pupils of this horrible academy, and one of the witnesses produced before the jury. Correspondence with parents or friends was, of course, against the rules of such an establishment. The wretched child had surreptitiously written the following letter to the tender father who had placed him with Mrs. Meeres:

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I hope you are quite well, but I am very sorry that you forgot about me on my birthday, and I hope you will remember it another. I write these lines to tell you how I am treated. I am treated very badly. We only have rice, half-raw, and three potatoes, but no meat for dinner, and for tea and breakfast only bread and treacle, sometimes only dry bread. We are half-starved, and if you do not come and fetch me on Christmas, I shall be crying all the time. Remember me on Christmas. Excuse me writing in pencil. I am your affectionate son, G. F. TINDALL."

In consequence of the treatment, of which the particulars here mentioned are some of the mildest, the girl, Maria Bailey, died, whence the inquiry, with the result we have mentioned.

The principal testimony as to the cause of death was that of Mr. Richardson, a surgeon, who concluded his evidence by deposing that "he had not the least hesitation in saying that the death of the deceased had been caused from insufficient and improper food, want of clothing, and absolute neglect of cleanliness." Little Tindall slept in his clothes, "because it was so cold," and had "a shirt *sometimes* once a fortnight." The bedroom was a sort of cupboard. There were no lights or fires. After the potatoes were boiled, the liquor was given to the children, "and they were told it was broth." The breakfast was dry bread, with water. There were neither knives, forks, nor *salt*, and only three plates in the house for twenty-one children to feed from. There were "no regular lessons" in this little pandemonium. George Tindall knew some of the Commandments, but had not been taught them by Mrs. Meeres.

BEAUTIES OF THE COOLIE TRADE.

In a case before the Thames Police Court, in which the captain of the ship *Duke of Portland*, just arrived from Havana and Hong Kong, was sued by a sailor; the following dialogue took place:

The magistrate, MR. SELFE, on looking over the official log, said he did not wonder at the doctor not being able to cure the complainant of the disorder he had contracted, for it appeared that the passengers died off like rotten sheep. There was an entry every day of the Chinese taken on board at Hong Kong dying. He found it stated over and over again "Died of fever," "Died of exhaustion." He should like to know what this meant?

CAPTAIN SEYMOUR said that he was very sorry to state that 132 Chinese died on board the *Duke of Portland* between Hong Kong and the Havana.

MR. YOUNG. It is most horrible. The cupidity of the Spaniards is proverbial. Chinamen are brought from China to work on the plantations, and this is the result. The English flag is disgraced by such a traffic.

MR. SELFE. I have heard of the horrors of the middle passage when the odious slave-trade was in existence, but I never heard of any thing like this.

CAPTAIN SEYMOUR. Yes, Sir, one hundred and thirty-two of them died.

MR. SELFE. Yes, I see; departed this life from exhaustion. Those are the daily entries.

CAPTAIN SEYMOUR. Yes, Sir; I am sorry to say it is so. I have had as many as two hundred individuals at one time.

MR. SELFE. Yes, the poor Chinese died by wholesale, although it appears they were taken on board in good health. I hope her Majesty's government will hear of this.

CAPTAIN SEYMOUR. It is a dreadful traffic, Sir, and quite time it was put an end to. I can assure you that every Chinaman brought on board underwent two medical examinations before he was shipped.

MR. SELFE. Then how came about this dreadful mortality?

CAPTAIN SEYMOUR. I don't know, Sir.

FRANCE.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE.

This body closed its sittings on the 6th, having settled all the points at issue. It is understood Russia cedes Bolgrad and Tobak to Moldavia, and receives the town of Komrat, on the right bank of the river Jalpuk with a territory of three hundred square versts. The Isle of Serpents is decided to belong to the mouth of the Danube, and goes with them. The Austrian troops and the British fleet are to evacuate the Turkish territory by the 30th of March next.

THE MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

Nearly nine years ago the world was startled by an announcement that the venerable archbishop of Paris had been shot in the exercise of his functions in the street, during the riots of 1848. It was said that no similar accident had taken place since the time of Thomas à Becket. We have now to record the murder of the successor of this archbishop, Monsieur Sibour.

HOW THE DEED WAS DONE.

Among the numerous persons present at the ceremony at St. Etienne-du-Mont was Mme. Mérad, a wood-dealer of Ecouen. At her side a man stood for nearly an hour, during which she was struck by his apparent devotion. She relates that, when the procession made the first round, he quietly drew back his chair, in order not to impede its passage. A little after, when Mme. Mérad's umbrella fell down, he picked it up, and presented it to her with great politeness. At the second turn of the procession, when the archbishop was passing, she saw her neighbor draw a knife from under his coat, and rush with fury on the prelate. Mme. Mérad seized the man by the arm, when the knife inflicted a slight wound in her left hand, from which the blood flowed freely. But for this she would not have let go her hold of the assassin.

It is said that, on rushing upon the Archbishop, the assassin cried, "*A bas la deese!*" (Down with the goddess!); or, according to another account, "A priest must not be allowed to perish from hunger." The Archbishop, who was dressed in his pontifical robes, with the mitre on his head and his crozier in his hand, fell to the ground, murmuring almost inaudibly, "*Le malheureux*." He expired on the spot, and his inanimate remains were first conveyed to the vestry of the church, and were subsequently transported to the Archiepiscopal Palace.

THE ASSASSIN'S ANTECEDENTS.

It seems that he was a man of bad character, and no madman, as is pretended. His name is Verges. At the seminary of Montronge he was not much liked by his companions, for he was gloomy and taciturn, and replied in few words to the questions addressed to him. His eyes were ordinarily bent to the ground, and he never looked the person with whom he spoke in the face. As the period of his stay at the seminary was drawing to a close, some pieces of money were stolen; he was accused and convicted of the robbery, and had in consequence to leave the seminary.

The venerable Abbé Legrand, curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, was kind enough there to receive him, although knowing the fault which he had committed, but the repentance the young man manifested appeared so sincere that the priest pardoned him, and carried indulgence so far as to attach him to the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As a priest of that parish, he was called on to officiate as cross-bearer in the celebration of Divine service at the chapel of the Tuileries. This post filled his mind, it appears, with hopes of speedy promotion; but, as his expectations were not realized, he fancied the Abbé Legrand was the cause of his disappointment, and to be avenged, he addressed odious denunciations against him to the procureur-impérial. That conduct caused him to be dismissed from the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the diocese of Paris. After some months' suspension, the archbishop, who did not wish to be too rigorous, and who hoped that Verges had returned to better sentiments, sent him to the Bishop of

Meaux, who gave him the curé of St. Servin. The cross-bearer of the Tuileries considered himself humiliated by being sent to a village; and thinking that his superiors had closed against him the path to dignities, he spoke against them most violently. And not content with this, he attacked certain dogmas of the church, and in his pulpit he held forth particularly against that of the Immaculate Conception. Interdicted for this preaching, and also for the publication of a pamphlet in which he attacked his superiors and the officers of justice with exceeding violence, his irritation became excessive. He determined on vengeance, and several times threats were uttered by him; but among the persons threatened the archbishop was never named.

WHAT WAS DONE WITH HIM.

The fellow, who confesses that he lurked round the church all morning in doubt whether to enter, was nearly strangled by the crowd when they knew what had passed. A *sergent de ville* rushed on him and secured him, sword in hand. On arriving at the prison Mazas, Verges asked for food, saying, "I have taken nothing since the morning, and I feel in want of something." Food was given him, and he ate it with a good appetite, nothing in his manner appearing to display the slightest emotion. In his examination, he evinces no symptom of madness. He appears clear and resolute, and says he was suspended unjustly. The church is hung in black, and closed till it can be purified. The body of the archbishop has been embalmed.

AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHOT BY MISTAKE.

Mr. Charles Morey, a gentleman of Boston, agent for Goodyear's patents in France, has been shot dead at his window, by a sentinel, in the debtor's prison at Clichy, Paris. The sentinel, who had been standing guard previously at the criminal prisons, had orders that when prisoners presented themselves at the windows, and refused, after due warning, to desist, he was to fire. In the present case, the sentinel declares that the prisoner was warned six times before he fired, and that he did not fire until the prisoner peremptorily refused to withdraw. He pretends not to have known that the rules of military discipline were different in different prisons. Mr. Morey was a man of about 32 years of age, who leaves a wife and children in a state of distress that may be easily imagined. He came to Europe, three or four years ago, a poor man, but with great business talent and immense energy of character. He was announced to have acquired for himself, in eighteen months' time, a fortune of two million and a half of francs. He furnished a house in the Rue de la Paix at an expense of seventy-five thousand francs; drove the finest pair of dapple grays in Paris; liveried servants swarmed in the ante-chamber of his sumptuous residence; and no one who knew the dashing Charles Morey two years ago, would have ever dreamed that, in two years' time, he would be shot down like a dog in the cell of a debtor's prison. He was a temperate and industrious man.

THE EMPEROR RETRENCHES—HIS CHARITIES.

It has been discovered that the civil list can no longer afford to pay for the magnificent *fêtes* of St. Cloud, Compiègne, and the Tuileries, the half dozen well filled stables and hunting-keeps of his Majesty, and the enormous number of officials and domestics at the principal palaces of the imperial family.

Accordingly, Monsieur Fould presents a report, reproving his Majesty for his extravagance in charities, and recommending retrenchment in this item. The document is published in the *Moniteur*.

His Majesty's salary is twenty-five millions of francs a year. The twenty-seven palaces of France, which yield a revenue of ten millions and cost four, yield him six millions more, or a total annual salary from the treasury of the country, of thirty-one millions. The extravagance with which M. Fould reproaches his Majesty is an item of six millions of francs. The twenty-five millions remaining, it must be allowed, do not exactly constitute his Majesty a man without resources. Where does his Majesty place the surplus of his salary?

LOVE, POISON, MARRIAGE, DAGGERS, AND DOLLARS.

A Lieutenant-Colonel in the French army, became acquainted with the widow of a brother-officer. Their intercourse ended in affection.

On the part of the widow such a result was still more natural, from the fact that her late husband had been rather repulsive to her, and her heart was totally free for a first love. The widow discovered that the colonel had another object of affection in Algiers, by whom he had a child, and to whom he still clung; so she took poison. The colonel and the priest arrived at the same moment at the bed of the dying woman, the priest to perform absolution, the colonel to offer repentance and reparation. On questioning the doctors, the colonel was told that madame could not live twelve hours. He at once proposed to madame and the priest a marriage *in extremis.* It was accepted and performed in good faith. The lady recovered slowly, the colonel for some days acknowledging the validity and sacredness of the union. But finally he changed his opinion, and left for the Crimea, repudiating, before he started, the marriage. When the widow recovered, she repaired to the Crimea in the company of a friend and witness, and there had an interview with her husband. She demanded to know his intentions, and on his refusing to acknowledge her, she drew from her breast a poignard and stabbed herself twice before they could arrest her arm. She was conveyed to Constantinople, and was some weeks in recovering from her wounds. From there she returned to Paris. When the war was terminated and the Colonel returned to Paris, his wife again visited him, and on again being refused, she attempted a second time to take her life as before with a poignard. But the Colonel seized her and wrested the instrument from her hand.

The lady then fell back upon the tame expedient of a recourse to the Courts. She sued the Colonel, demanding a husband or $30,000. The Court has decided that the marriage, being merely performed by a priest, was not valid. It is supposed that the lady will return to her poison.

THE WAY COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS ARE MANAGED IN FRANCE.

A *marchande de papier*, or female paper-merchant, took an advertisement of her wares to a country newspaper in France, whose *régisseur* was proprietor, printer, and all. The gentleman refused to insert the announcement.

"Why not?" asked the lady, in astonishment. "Here's the money down, if you are afraid of that."

"Heu, heu!" said the editor; "I neither want your money nor your advertisement, madame. I, too, sell paper, madame—foolscap, quarto, letter-paper, fine, coarse, and demi-fine, besides envelopes, cards, and letters of *faire-part* of deaths and marriages, all in the newest style—a very large assortment, madame. I can not publish the advertisement of any one who would undersell my paper. What would you have, madame?"

The lady, too proud to make vain remonstrance, went her way. In a few days she returned to the office, and humbly asked,

"Monsieur, have you an attic to let?"

"What do you mean, madame? I don't understand your question. Pray, what project can you have with respect to my attic?"

"Before I can explain my intentions," the fair merchant replied, "you must answer my question, whether you have an attic to let?"

"No, madame; I have not."

"Very well, monsieur. I can now proceed to business without fear of interruption. Please to insert this in your next number. I have an attic to let; but I thought I would ask whether you had one to let also, before I ventured to bring the advertisement."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF MINERS.

A recent irruption of water into a French mine, near St. Etienne, was supposed to have killed fourteen men. It has since turned out that two have escaped. When the water rushed into the pit these men were at work in an isolated gallery, which the water did not fill; but they knew that a number of galleries were in communication with a pit at a considerable distance, which had been abandoned some years before, and they determined to attempt to save themselves. In several places they found the galleries blocked up by falls of earth, but they resolutely cut their way through them. After working for a whole day their lamps went out; but, encouraged by the progress they had already made, they determined, although without food, to persevere. After three days' labor, they succeeded in reaching the abandoned shaft, but found it closed. Guided, however, by their knowledge of the localities, they cut a narrow passage, and at last saw daylight; but then they found themselves so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that they then despaired of saving themselves. One of them, however, by extraordinary exertions crept through the passage, and endeavored to extricate his companion, but in vain. He then called for help, and after a while several persons came to his aid. The other man was likewise got out, and both were sent to the hospital. Having had nothing to eat for so long a time, they were ravenous for food, but it was only given to them sparingly. The men say that they were more than once so hopeless of escape that they were disposed to allow themselves to die; but that confidence in God, and the thought of their wives and children, encouraged them to persevere.

AN UNCOMMON PHILANTHROPIST.

There died the other day at Paris an old man named Boulanger. In his apartments were found no fewer than ninety-five different wills, or codicils of wills, written on scraps of paper, on the backs of old letters and circulars, in the most informal and confused manner. By these documents, M. Boulanger had bequeathed a large part of his fortune, which was considerable, although he lived in a very parsimonious way, to a number of persons who were not connected with him, and whom he had never seen in his life. It was his habit, whenever he heard or read in the newspapers of any remarkable instance of virtue or self-sacrificing courage in real life, to take his pen and immediately to write upon the first piece of paper that came to hand, a bequest in favor of the person named; and he laid the strictest injunctions upon his executors and heirs to take care that these legacies should all be paid without dispute or delay.

COST OF A MUSTACHE.

A few days since a number of young advocates were to be admitted to practice at the bar. Among the number was one who carried a few hairs on his upper lip, in imitation of a mustache. When the eyes of the Judge fell on this profanation of the law, his Honor declared that M. Blanchard could not be permitted to take the oath. An explanation was demanded and given. It was no use to assert that the law in olden times was dispensed by long beards, and by them alone, and that justice did not suffer thereby. Times had changed, and the Judge was incorrigible.

SWITZERLAND.

THE SWISS DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

It is understood that the Swiss have accepted the mediation of England and France, and agreed to release the political prisoners, in return for the guarantee of the Western Powers that the King of Prussia shall relinquish his rights over the canton. He can not refuse.

SPAIN.

PLEASANT TO BE A MINISTER.

The new police regulations for the early closing of the cafés and shops have given great offense. They produce great irritation among the public without any advantage whatever to the government. The Ministers do not stir out without being accompanied by police agents. Each Minister is attended by three of them as a body-guard, and when his carriage stops at the door of a house, two policemen place themselves at the corner of the street, and the third at the entrance of the house. All wear large cloaks, and carry under their arms a loaded blunderbuss.

ITALY.

POWERFUL PREACHING IN ITALY.

Some missionaries at Parma have been getting up a revival there, and doing a good stroke of business in collecting money. Their *modus operandi* is thus described: Placed in a large box, or *paleo* (as it is described), with flickering lights on either side, and themselves arrayed in hair-cloth, in the dim twilight of the building, they make the most passionate and grotesque appeals to their hearers, pretending to see purgatory and hell; and, in illustration of what they were supposed to have beheld, a violent lashing of ropes'-ends, attended with groaning sufficiently diabolical to convince the most skeptical, was heard from their box to represent the sufferings of purgatory, and a horrible rattling of chains, together with blue flames, was used to give a popular description of that place which should never be mentioned to ears polite. On one occasion the preacher spoke of the dreadful consequences of persons dying without being perfectly reconciled to the Church or pardoned by competent authority, and he quoted as an instance a woman who had died in Parma a few days before, who, he said, he was sure was then suffering the pains of the damned because she had not received absolution in proper form. "Many people here don't believe what I say, probably," said he; "but I hope God will give me the means of proving my assertion." Then, after some minutes of silent prayer, during which the congregation was, of course, in the greatest state of excitement to know the result, he cried out in a loud voice, "*Catarina! Catarina! dove stai?*" to which a reply was given in agonized accents (with accompaniments), "*In inferno.*" The style, however, proved too powerful for the Parmesan taste; one or two women went into hysterics, and at last those who went to pray remained to scoff.

THE POPE DISCONSOLATE.

The Pope's "message" has been sent into the conclave. His Holiness complains bitterly of the new Government of Mexico, which had completely set aside the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and sequestered the property of the Church. We are told that the monastic establishments have refused to permit the "visitation" of the bishops, and that some of them have, in open defiance of the canonical laws, sold part of their property. The permission given by the Government to all sects publicly to practice their religious rites, is denounced as "an abominable measure, which is calculated to undermine the most holy Roman Catholic religion." After summing up the various backslidings of the Mexican Government, his Holiness declares all the measures which it has taken against the authority of the apostolic chair to be null and void. The Mexican statesmen are also reminded that the Church has the power severely to punish those persons who disobey her behests. That the behavior of the majority of the South American States toward the Church does not give satisfaction will be seen by the following address to the bishops: "You see, reverend brethren, that we must necessarily condemn and abhor the attempt of the civil power to overthrow all spiritual authority and discipline, and to insult the dignity and might of the apostolic chair."

CLEMENCY OF THE EMPEROR.

The young Emperor, who, as will be remembered, is in Venice, was a few days ago addressed by a man, a Major Tura, formerly in the Austrian service, who earnestly begged that he might be entirely pardoned. On being asked by the monarch why he had not applied in the usual way for an audience, the petitioner replied that he was a person whose political reputation had been so seriously compromised during the revolution that he had no chance of obtaining admittance to the palace. "Come to-morrow," said the Emperor, "and you shall be admitted. But wait a moment. In order that you may meet with no difficulty, here is one of my gloves, and as soon as I return, orders shall be given that the bearer of it is to be permitted to enter." The man went to the Palazzo Reale on the following day, told his story to his Sovereign, and received a promise that a vail should be thrown over the past.

REWARD OF BRUTALITY.

So far from Marshal Radetzky being dead, on his retirement he will have a pension of 150,500f. The Emperor has written him a very flattering letter on the occasion, and has granted him the Villa Reale as a residence.

RUSSIA.

AN ENGLISH BARONET ON HIS TRAVELS.

Sir Robert Peel, the son of *the* Sir Robert, went to Russia to see the coronation. He seems to have had a hard time.

HIS TRIALS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

He says: There was not much to keep us in St. Petersburg, for we were so horribly fleeced by our innkeeper. I have lived a great deal in that way, but I never in my life came across a man with such enormous ideas of the principles of "doing." I am a man who am satisfied with little, but our dinner every night cost us £60 sterling. It was perfectly monstrous. If I had not been in Russia I should have lived with the police, but I gave up that notion after witnessing the manner in which Russian constables knock people about. The police use a sort of great antique fork, which they stick into their unfortunate victims, and then leave them on the ground, instead of taking them to a lock-up or something of that kind.

HE NOTICES BAD OMENS AT THE CORONATION.

As the Empress entered she fell flat on the floor, I supposed by accident. It was, however, to kiss some sacred stone or other; and then she came in with hair disheveled, looking like Norma in the opera. The ceremony then took place, and Emperor and Empress were duly crowned. At the moment when the Emperor placed his crown on his head the imperial ermine fell to his feet; while that of the Empress fell from her head, and was broken into pieces. These accidents in Rome would have been deemed ill omens.

HE SNEERS AT THE FESTIVITIES.

The next grand spectacle was an enormous dinner. There is an account of an enormous feast somewhere in the Bible which I looked for and couldn't find, and which must have been very like the one I beheld at Moscow. Unfortunately the officer who had the management of the feast thought the people would not behave themselves without a rehearsal, the result of which was that it was all demolished prematurely. Of course he was tried by a drum-head court-martial, and if he did not lose his head, was, at all events, disgraced. Then we had a grand *chasse.* In this *chasse* at least 800 horsemen were present, besides about 20 men blowing enormous horns, and some 20 dogs. They started hares, and they started foxes, and they started wolves; but all the 800 horsemen, with the dogs and the trumpeters, could never manage to run down one of them. In fact, they no more understand the chase than you understand what serfs are. Lastly, they had eagle hunting, in which a Khirgish carried an eagle on his fist, and then, having started a fox, the eagle flew after him, but always missed him; the chase never extended over more than 20 yards of ground.

HE IS DONE BY A GENERAL.

I made an agreement with General Sourochokoff, a common man, whose whole anxiety was to impose upon people who trusted in him. At my command he had sent for me to the station a magnificent carriage with four magnificent gray horses. I hastened at once to our dwelling, near the English embassy, accompanied by my wife, Lord Stafford and his wife, the Duke of Newcastle's son, and Lord Shaftesbury's son. Sourochokoff charged me £100 for the hire of each horse; and, although I strongly objected to the impost, I was compelled to pay his exorbitant demand. We all had enormous establishments, and lived at an enormous rate.

HE FINDS HIMSELF AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

As the great fair was being held at Nishni, and that being a matter thoroughly unique in itself, six or seven of us determined to visit it. I went to the postmaster, and found him one mass of decorations. I was quite frightened with his pomp and ceremony. He gave me what he called an official, but this was a man I should have taken for a general officer, so splendid was his uniform. He was to guide us, and see that every thing was done *à la Russe.* We started in two carriages and six on the 2d of August for Nishni, situated on the Volga, and just had one week to do every thing in. We went from Moscow without provisions, thinking we should find plenty on the road. We could not speak one word to the man who took us in charge, and of course had to leave ourselves entirely in his hands. He took us at a tremendous pace. We were in the second carriage, and I once made signs to our richly-dressed director that we were not going fast enough, and that the first carriage was outstripping us. He immediately rose from his seat, dragged the man from the box, and cast him to the ground, nearly killing him. I took care not to complain again. There was no postillion ready for one of the six horses when we stopped at one post-house, but the director in gold insisted that we must have six horses and six riders, and, to supply the vacancy, rushed into the crowd which had collected, seized the first person, put him on the horse, and started off again. The man had no stockings or shoes on, but that did not matter; he soon got into a dreadful state from riding, and dropped off the animal. The horses frequently became tired, and when they fell down exhausted were left by the roadside. The postboys suffered the same treatment when they became unable to perform their duties.

TURKEY.

THE TRADE IN CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.

Notwithstanding the imperial decree, the trade in Circassian children is as brisk as ever. Slaves, especially Circassians, have rarely been cheaper than at the present time, for the Russians have not yet thoroughly organized the blockade of the Circassian coast. We can judge of the extent of the exertions which are making by the Porte to emancipate its Rayah subjects, in accordance with the terms of the two Tanzimats, by the way in which the promises made on the subject of the slave trade are observed. The truth is, that all the reforming decrees of the Turks are a mere farce—"bosh," as they themselves say. There never was the slightest intention of issuing them as real decrees.

CHINA.

ATTACK UPON AMERICANS.

We have little to add to our news of last week respecting the war in China, save that our countrymen seem likely to be objects of attack. From a letter published in the *Daily Times* from an American at Canton, it appears that at the outset the Governor of Canton warned the United States Consul that the Chinese could not undertake to discriminate between British and Americans.

The Governor, Yeh, has increased the reward for the heads of Englishmen (or foreigners) to a hundred taels, or about a hundred and forty dollars; and on Sunday morning we received the startling news that *the heads of three foreigners (of what nationality could not be ascertained) were ornamenting the walls near the breach.* The general opinion of the common people, and even of the Chinese soldiers, and perhaps of the Governor himself, is that the English were driven from the city after their assault on Wednesday, by Chinese valor; and this supposed success emboldened and encouraged them not a little. The English received reinforcements of men and ammunition from Hong Kong, and the American forces threw up new barricades and advanced somewhat on their former position. The inhabitants in great numbers left the city, and the "village braves" in great numbers poured into it. A party of these soldiers, some twenty in number, were discovered reconnoitering at the American outposts, and both the Americans and English held themselves in hourly readiness for an attack.

During this interval a correspondence was also carried on between our Consul, Mr. Perry, and the Governor. It seems that a week or ten days previous, the steamer *Cum Fa*, an American steamer, and under the American flag at the time, was fired into, in the most unprovoked and outrageous manner, by a Chinese fort, while going through the Macao passage, on one of her regular trips to Canton. Three shots were fired by the fort, compelling the steamer to return down the river and approach the city through another channel.

On Monday an irregular fire was kept up all the morning from ambuscades on the tops of houses, upon all foreigners indiscriminately who showed themselves in any exposed situations. Several British officials were shot at. As Captain Wilson, of Her Majesty's frigate *Winchester*, was standing conversing with another gentleman, a musket ball passed between them. And, as if to show how little confidence could be placed in Governor Yeh's ability or inclination to protect Americans, our sentries and look-outs in exposed positions were several times fired at, the bullets passing very near to them; and they were finally ordered to return the fire, and did so, but with how much execution could not be ascertained.

THE JAPANESE OYSTER OPENING.

The Japanese Government have arranged with the Dutch for the construction in Holland of four steam screw corvettes, to be sent out to Japan in the course of the present year under the command of a Dutch officer, and that means have been provided for this purpose to the extent of two and a half million of dollars. The Japanese Government have requested four Dutch naval officers to remain in Japan for the purpose of instructing the Japanese in naval affairs, and that it has taken into its service a number of Dutch mariners of various grades, to qualify the Japanese mariners for active service.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

The great and well-planned polyglot Nile expedition is in some danger of failure. One of the steamers has been lost in an attempt to ascend the First Cataract. Dissensions have broken out among Count d'Escayrac's followers; the leader himself quarreling with the men of science, and the Anglo-American part of the expedition with the Gallo-German part. The first desired to push on at once, not dallying at Assouan under fear of the weather—the latter strongly urging rest and caution. Which party was right in such a discussion we can not hope to decide. Unhappily the English were without their natural chief; for the orders calling Mr. Burton to this extraordinary service had not reached Alexandria in time, and the courageous adventurer had left for Bombay. Letters will doubtless overtake him at Aden, when he will at once proceed to the Nile, where his presence is so much required.

The *Athenæum* suggests that Dr. Vogel and Corporal Maguire, both in Africa—bold, enterprising, and devoted servants of civilization—should be directed to turn their faces from Lake Chad toward the Indian Ocean.

NICARAGUA.

WALKER IN THE ASCENDANT.

By the *James Adger* we learn that Walker's prospects had been steadily improving. He had twelve hundred men, and plenty of munitions and supplies of provisions. Three hundred fillibusters occupied Punta Arenas. The Costa Ricans still held position of the San Juan river; but they had made no attempt to follow up their partial success.

Of the positions of Generals Belloso and Paredes we have no trustworthy advices. It is stated that the allies are quarreling among themselves, and that the cholera prevailed among them, which is probable, as they were encamped in the vicinity of Granada, where that disease prevailed among Henningsen's men. General Canas had fallen back into Costa Rica, instead of uniting his forces with those of the allies. It has been stated that it was Walker's intention to invade Costa Rica at once. At any rate, he had received provisions from New Orleans, and by the *Sierra Nevada*, from San Francisco; and being well entrenched and fortified in Rivas, and secure against surprise, it is believed that, without further assistance, he can hold out for four months against any force that could be brought against the town. The General is reported to be in good health and spirits, and, as usual, sanguine of success.

The capture of the steamers on the San Juan by the Costa Ricans is said to have been mainly effected by the aid of an American named Spencer, who is said to be an agent of Commodore Vanderbilt.

WALKER'S NEW RIVAL.

The person who took the boats for the Costa Ricans was named Spencer. One of the prisoners on board the boats, when he took them, describes him as follows:

"But a few weeks ago he was a common workman over at Punta Arenas. He told us that he had Fort San Carlos, and 2,500 Costa Ricans on different defensible points along the river. One of these is Castillo, and there are two or three between Castillo and Serapiqui. We could have taken him and his boat easily enough, and some of Walker's officers talked fight, but it was intimated to them that the passengers were passengers, and had not come down to fight Walker's battles for him, and that if the Captain should undertake to get us into difficulty, it was highly probable that the top of his head would go off.

"Spencer is a very loquacious man, talks like a mechanic, has a Yankee twang, is fond of telling that he was a common workman but a little while ago, and very much elated at what he has accomplished. He is a Yankee, active and shrewd. He told me that his plan of operation was to destroy the country around Walker, and to avoid fighting with him, leaving his destruction to famine and disease. If he should advance on Costa Rica, there were many passes on the way where a handful of men could destroy a whole army. Spencer said he expected that the Costa Ricans would have Walker hung in the course of a few weeks. He said he was interested in the Transit Company before it was taken from Vanderbilt, and when Walker took it he robbed him of all his property; he was fighting now to get it back again."

SCENES AT THE TAKING OF GRANADA.

Colonel Jones, late paymaster of Walker's army, has given the following, among other, sketches and scenes during the war:

At Granada, in the place were the sick and wounded, the dead and dying were gathered together, there were scenes very comico-tragical—incidents most diverse and opposed. A great many men went almost mad from the effects of opium—they lost the entire use of their legs below the knees. They would sit there among the corpses of the dead, and amidst the moans of the dying, acting so fantastically and droll, that it was impossible sometimes to keep from laughing. They were tormented by a burning, parching, quenchless thirst, like that of the Sahara under the meridian sun. Sometimes, in crawling about to get water, they would meet or obstruct one another; then they would attack each other and fight furiously, fight like madmen, which they were. At the same time near them, or perhaps almost under them, would lie a poor wounded man, howling from the intensity of his pain, or praying for death, while big agony with torturing hand grappled his quivering form. The maddened men would thus fight till separated, exhausted, or one overcame the other. Sometimes they would chant the fragment of a rabble song as a funeral dirge for the dying.

There was one poor fellow lying beside me who had had his leg terribly shattered by a ball. I forget his name, but we will call him Anderson. A delirious man near him kept crawling about for water, and in doing so came in contact with the wounded man's mangled limb, which of course made the latter suffer the most intense pain. Anderson bore it patiently as long as he could, and then swore that the next one who got on his leg should suffer for it. Again the delirious opium-eater, parched with thirst, crawling along seeking for water, got upon the wounded leg. Anderson raised himself up and pitched into his tormentor, who, with the instinct of madness, defended himself and returned the assault. The fight grew furious, they pelted each other right heartily; the one assailed as fiercely as the bloodhound does the stag when held at bay, the other defended as savagely as the tiger when, blind with rage and mad with wounds, he rushes wildly at every thing in his course. At length sense or weakness overcame strength and madness; Anderson triumphed, though like many who battle for the right, more injured from its defense than he would have been by its loss; but he obtained peace at least from one madman for the rest of that night.

I slept on a lounge or raised bed which was scarcely a foot above the floor, yet one night two crazy fellows got in contact with each other under it, when a fight ensued there in that confined position; they battled it out. I had the legs of my bed cut off so they could not get under there any more. A burning thirst and an instinct of self-defense seemed to be the great characteristics of the men when maddened from the effects of opium. They take the opium when they are attacked by cholera to save them from the pain and effects of that disease; but the drug generates a burning thirst, and if they drink water they are sure to die. If they do not drink water, opium is a very good medicine for cholera.

There was a native Nicaraguan with us, who, having been attacked with the cholera, took opium for its cure. As usual, a consuming thirst followed; they would not let him have any water. There was a well near, and every day he would go out there, sit down and look languidly at the water. The well was about fourteen feet deep, with four feet of water in it. The top of the well was surrounded by a wall two feet high. Every day he would go and sit for hours looking down into the water, until the water became so enticing, and his thirst so overpowering, that he plunged in head first to get a drink. Help was immediately called, and they barely succeeded in saving him from drowning. His fall did not hurt him much. He got one good drink, and died.

CUTTINGS FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Garden of Eden.—Progress of Russia.—Circassian Slave Girls, their Homes and Value.—Armenian Women.—Transcaucasian Millerites.—An Inspired Prophetess.—Tiflis.—The Story of the Robber Arsen.—The Legend of the Serpent Mountain.—Woman devoured by a Serpent.—Mount Ararat.—The Vampire.—Ascent of Mount Ararat.—Probable Position of the Ark.—The Were-Wolves.—The Discovery of Rice.

IF there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveler, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Immemorial tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here—say Persians and Armenians—was the Garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the mighty Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge. Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astounding catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus, chained to the rock with vulture ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Medea. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great. Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed Greeceward that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Imperial Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Tamerlane and Genghis Khan spread havoc: the Turks uprooted the Genoese on these shores, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth, and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne, in 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2245 years.

Nor does the future promise to be less interesting than the past. The burial-place of the Turks will evidently be here. This is the battle-ground on which the last fight of pure Islamism will be fought; we can see even now the giant Russia drawing its grasp tighter and tighter round the throat of the effete nationalities of Turkey and Persia, and before many years both must be strangled. The soldiers of Azerbijan, the most martial province of Persia, are devoted to the Czar; the authorities of Tabriz are in his pay. England and France may insist on the dismantling of the Caucasian fortresses; but the contest of Kars has proved beyond question that the Armenians will welcome the day which ranges them among the subjects of the Emperor of Russia. Yet these events, proximate as they seem, can not be consummated without fresh contests.

For nearly a quarter of a century Russia has labored steadily to civilize and regulate her Transcaucasian provinces. When they fell under her sway, they were at the lowest depth of wretchedness. Agriculture seemed to have made little progress since the flood; the resources of the fertile land of Georgia were untouched; the mines were unworked; the people were ignorant; under a code of laws which no one understood the most frightful oppression was practiced, and the people were shamefully plundered. Something has been done toward improvement. Some roads have been opened. Germans have been induced to settle near Tiflis, and set an example of improved methods of farming; potatoes have been grown with success, and a fair wine has been produced from the native grape. Educational institutions have been established at Tiflis, and promising youths have been sent to St. Petersburg to complete their education. Some twelve years ago, a uniform system of laws, conformable to the Russian code, was introduced into Transcaucasia. A new method of taxation, weighing less heavily upon the farmer, has been adopted.

These ameliorations have been effected in the teeth of the most formidable obstacles. In the first place, the Russian government has had to combat the proverbial dishonesty of its own agents; and, secondly, the people have resisted with the tenacity of ignorance every attempt to better their condition.

One of the first points to which the attention of the Russian government was directed was the sale of Circassian girls. This was partially suppressed; but greatly against the will both of the parents of the children sold into slavery and of the girls themselves. Not long since the boats of a Russian man-of-war seized a Turkish vessel at Bambor; six beautiful Circassian girls, from twelve to fifteen years old, were found on board. They were, of course, on their way to Constantinople. The Russian general had the girls brought before him, and gave them their choice, either to return to their homes, or to choose husbands among the Russians or Cossacks, or to go to Germany, or, lastly, to proceed on their way. Without the least hesitation, the girls unanimously exclaimed,

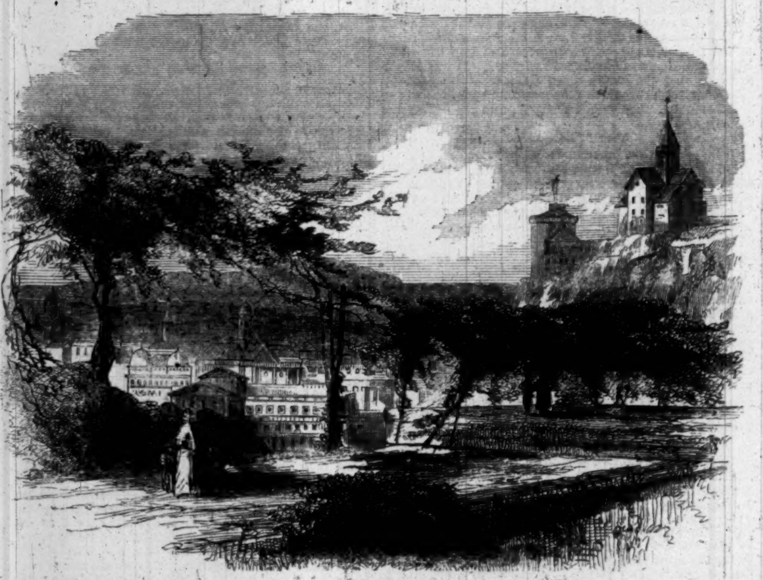
"We will go to Constantinople to be sold!"

A sense of honor rather than degradation attaches to the idea of being sold in the slave-market, in their minds; they look forward to it anxiously, and pique themselves on the price they command. They have no other idea of marriage. Their mother was bought by their father, and all their female ancestry for generations. And, in a material point of view, they are well aware that, in exchanging the drudgery of their Circassian household for the idle life of the harem, they are really making a good bargain.

The Baron Von Haxthausen, who was lately sent to report on Transcaucasia by the Emperor, was led to believe that nothing would ever stop the traffic under present circumstances. He estimates the annual export of girls from Circassia at 500; but every sixth or seventh ship is lost, in consequence of the risks the captains run to avoid the cruisers, and the girls on board go to the bottom.

The comforts of a Circassian home somewhat explain the readiness of the girls to expatriate themselves. Imagine a log house, some thirty to thirty-five feet square, without windows, and divided into two rooms; the one nearest the door appropriated to the males of the family, and usually crammed with stores, tools, saddles, arms, etc.; the inner room, the ladies' apartment, provided with a platform a few inches or a couple of feet above the mud floor, which serves as a seat by day and a bed by night, and seldom adorned with other furniture than some cooking utensils. In the wall of this latter room there is usually a hole, half covered with canvas, or a wooden shutter; through this comes the light by which the women sew. Such is a Circassian dwelling. The girls' life is in keeping. They do all the hard work—tend the cattle, cook, sew, keep up the fire, and perform no small share of the farming operations. They dress poorly; many a lovely girl may be seen, even in the inclement season, with nothing on but a pair of trowsers, a frock open in front, fitting to the waist, with a skirt falling to the knee, a piece of cotton to hide the neck and face, and a pair of old slippers without stockings.

It is much more wonderful that women reared under such privations should turn out ladylike and beautiful than that they should seek to better their condition. But Nature has set her stamp on the Circassians. Dress them in rags or in brocades, they are always lovely and noble; nothing is wanting but mind to make them perfect. As for this, the habit of regarding themselves as property has bred a contempt for their own intellectual powers; that would be a very energetic intelligence which could withstand the prevailing sentiment that women are mere animals, and that it profits them more to have a finely rounded shape than all the wit in the world. They think of nothing but their price. A thousand dollars of our money—the price of a buck negro in Virginia—will usually satisfy the pride of a handsome girl; but a well-known Englishman in the Levant has been known to pay fifteen hundred for a very superior article, and the loveliest of the Circassian maids, in the consecrated leathern girdle, have been sold for four thousand.



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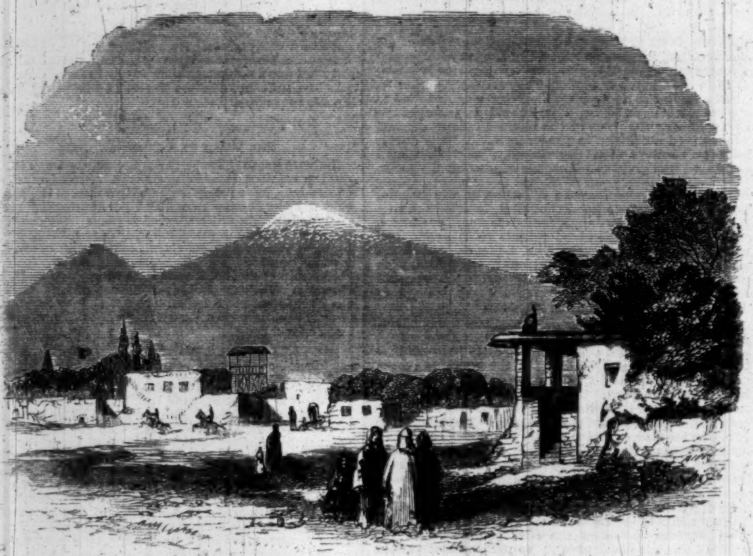
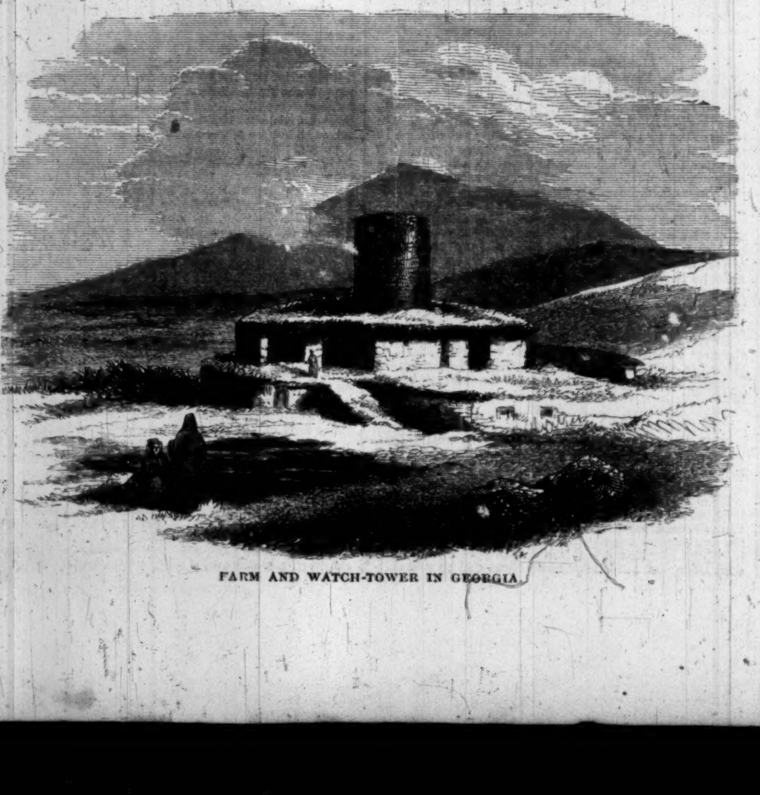


ECHMIADZIN, WITH ARARAT IN THE DISTANCE.



FARM AND WATCH-TOWER IN GEORGIA.

For many years the Armenian girls have been rivals of the Circassians; or, rather, while the latter have held sway in the Constantinople, the former have predominated in the Persian markets. Several Koordish tribes make a living by stealing girls from the Armenian villages, and selling them as slaves. An effort was made to put a stop to this in 1852 by the Turkish, Russian, and British governments. Colonel Williams (who afterward became the hero of Kars) succeeded in concluding a treaty from which great things were expected; but the war dashed these hopes, and now, it is to be feared, the state of Eastern Armenia is so unsettled that the traffic must be as active as ever. The Armenian girls, as a general rule, do not covet slavery. Armenian households are ruled in a patriarchal fashion; the women work hard, but they are allowed as much liberty as they please before marriage, and they are generally allowed to choose their husbands. After marriage, they go through a singular probation. From their wedding day to their death they can never appear unvailed before, or speak to a male stranger. They leave their house but twice a year, and then only to go to church. Till their first child is born, they can not exchange a word with any living soul but their husband; and with him they can only speak when alone. With their mother, sisters, and other female relatives, they communicate by talking on their fingers. When their first child is born, they are allowed to speak to it; after a time they may address their mother-in-law; after another lapse, they may speak, in a low whisper, to their own mother and to their sisters. They are not allowed to speak aloud, even to these relatives, till they have been six years married. It is said, maliciously, that these singular customs grew out of the patriarchal practice which prevails in Armenia of never dividing families: a man and his sons and their wives, and their children and their wives, all live in the same house; whence, saith the scoffer, if the women were allowed to talk, where there are so many of them, quarrels would never end.

It has been mentioned that the best husbandmen of Transcaucasia are Germans. These are mostly Swabian Protestants, who quarreled with their countrymen about the choice of hymn-books to be used in church, and cheerfully accepted the new home which the Emperor of Russia offered them. Nicholas had the good sense to abstain from interference with these worthy people; they enjoyed perfect freedom of worship, and led pleasant lives for many years after their settlement. After a time, however, a portion of these settlers, exercised by religious fervor, arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. Miller, with regard to the end of the world. They felt satisfied that all sublunary things would come to an end that fall. An old lady, who had made quite a reputation for herself by her fasts and her prayers, and her singular custom of speaking invariably in quotations from the Bible, which she applied to every circumstance in life, undertook the leadership of the Transcaucasian Millerites, and, under her instructions, they resolved to repair to Jerusalem, there to await the last day. They sold their farms and property for nominal prices, merely reserving enough to keep them alive on their way; and announced that they would start on a given day. The Russian authorities interfered, and reminded them first, that they could not enter the dominions of the Sultan without permission; and, secondly, that if by any celestial accident the final end of all things were postponed a few days beyond their calculation, they would infallibly starve at Jerusalem. To all this the old lady replied, that it was vanity to trust to human wisdom, and that they must obey the voice of God, which spoke to their hearts. Accordingly, at four in the morning on the day fixed the whole village set out, marching two and two, the old lady at the head, and all singing a hymn on the judgment day. Herr von Kotzebue, the Russian magistrate, had posted Cossacks on all the roads leading westward, with orders to stop the pilgrims. He went to meet them in person, and addressed them, ordering them to return to their homes. Not a word of answer was vouchsafed him; the old lady and her flock continued their hymn and their march without heeding him. He then advanced, and seized her by her arms, forcing her to stop, and inquired why she persisted in disobeying the Emperor's command? She replied in several texts, which went to show that the voice of God must be obeyed at all hazards. He held her tight, and informed her that Cossacks held every road, and that she could not possibly prosecute her journey. The pilgrims fell on their knees and prayed; the old woman stood irresolute for a moment. At last, collecting her thoughts, she gave utterance to several texts, declaring that constituted authorities must be obeyed, and that the Lord ordered his people to yield to violence. Thus relieved, she turned about and led her people home again. Autumn coming, and the world surviving it, the Germans have altered their minds about the prophecies of final desolation, and farm their lands as though the earth was to last forever.

Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is the city for which all travelers make as soon as they land in Transcaucasia. This is a fine town, in a gloomy defile between two high, bleak mountain ridges, through which the Kour flows. For centuries before the Russian conquest it was the scene of adventures in contrast with which the Arabian Nights and the stories of Robin Hood seem dull. Now, it is a busy place, with fifty thousand inhabitants; new streets laid out on the European plan, and some factories of silk and cotton. It would do a large Persian trade but for the absurd Russian tariff, which is building up Trebizond to its injury.

The story of the robber Arsen illustrates old times at Tiflis. Arsen was a small trader in the city, and a quiet, well-behaved man. He had the misfortune to fall in love with a slave of Prince Baratow, who would not favor his suit. To purchase the freedom of his lady-love he wrought industriously for a year or more, then tendered the value of the girl to the prince. The latter, still making excuses, and refusing to part with his slave, Arsen ran off with her. The Prince, a powerful chief, gathered his clan together, gave chase, and caught the pair. Arsen was thrown into prison; the girl was married to another man. After a detention long enough to cool his ardor, Arsen was let loose. He turned robber, and became the scourge of the roads leading to Tiflis. No caravan or carriage could escape him. Like most famous highway robbers, he was equally famed for generosity and audacity; he frequently spared poor travelers, but the rich he fleeced unmercifully. The government offered large rewards for his capture, but there was not a man in Georgia who dared beard him in his den. One of his kinsmen once undertook to betray him. He invited Arsen to his house, and plied him with liquor. While they were drinking, the quick-eared robber heard footsteps outside.

"Who is that lurking outside your house?" he asked his kinsman.

The latter stammered, and grew pale.

"Treason!" cried Arsen, and sprang out of the door upon his horse, and away to the hills, though not without a ball in the side from the soldiers who were watching for him. From that day forth the kinsman lived in concealment, and never dared sleep without a guard; his terror of the vengeful robber killed him at last.

At a public festival given at a village in Georgia, this bold robber rode up to the Prince, who presided over the fête, and asked him if he knew him.

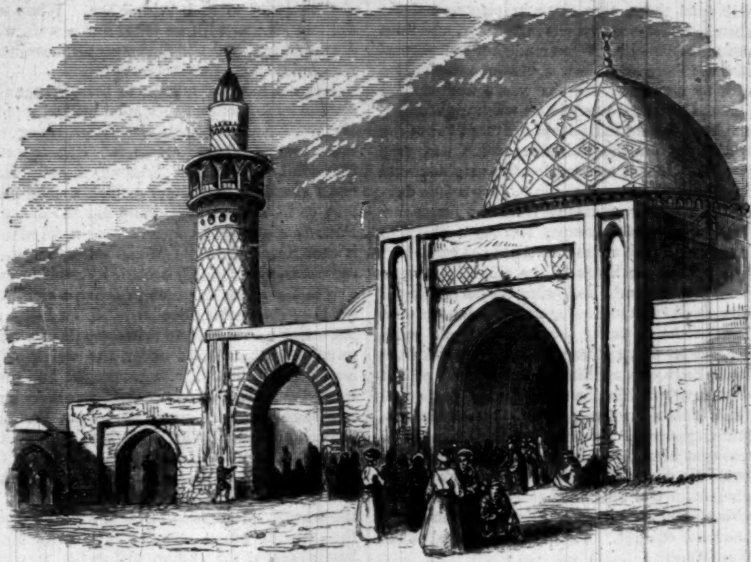
"To be sure," said the Prince, "you are Arsen.

"True!" said the robber. "Tell that man," pointing to an officer, "to give me his sword."

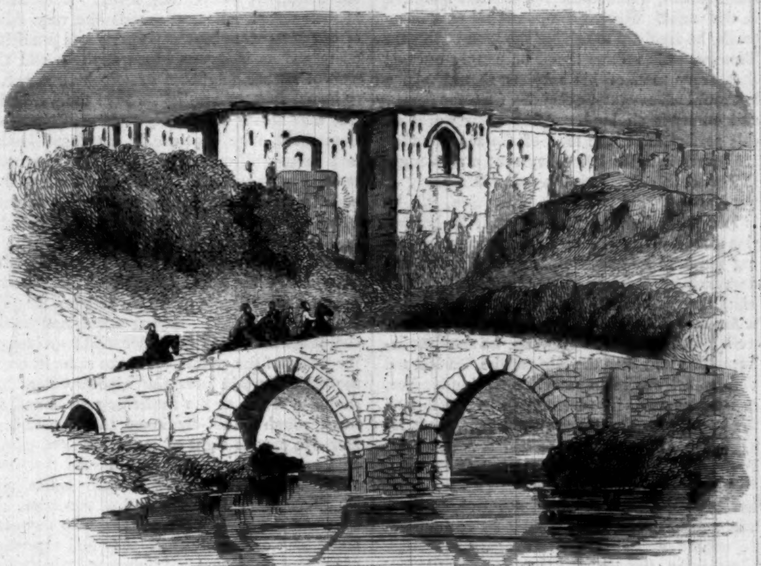
The Prince complied, and invited Arsen to drink, in the hope of throwing him off his guard. The robber drank freely, and being somewhat overcome by liquor, called to the Prince, in a blustering manner, "I have taken a fancy to your pistols; give them to me!" The Prince quietly cocked a pistol, presented it at the robber's breast, and said, "Take them!" Arsen advanced, the Prince's finger was on the trigger, when the Princess flung herself at his feet, and implored him not to shed blood on that holy day. The Prince dropped his pistol. Arsen kissed the hem of the Princess's robe, thanked her, rode off, and returned the sword, with a line, "On so holy a day one should commit no wrong."

Sometime after this a nobleman rode past his lair with a single attendant. Arsen, who happened to be in a good-humor, invited him to drink with him. The nobleman declined, and rode on. Arsen's friends twitted him with the affront he had received, saying that the nobleman had declined to drink out of contempt for him. Fired by their taunts, Arsen rode after the nobleman, and insisted on his returning and partaking of his hospitality. This the other positively refused to do. Arsen drew his sword, the nobleman drew his, and they fought furiously. The nobleman had received two wounds, and was bleeding fast; he called to his servant—"Fellow, do you stand by and see your master murdered?" The man, roused by the appeal, took cool aim at Arsen from behind, and shot him dead.

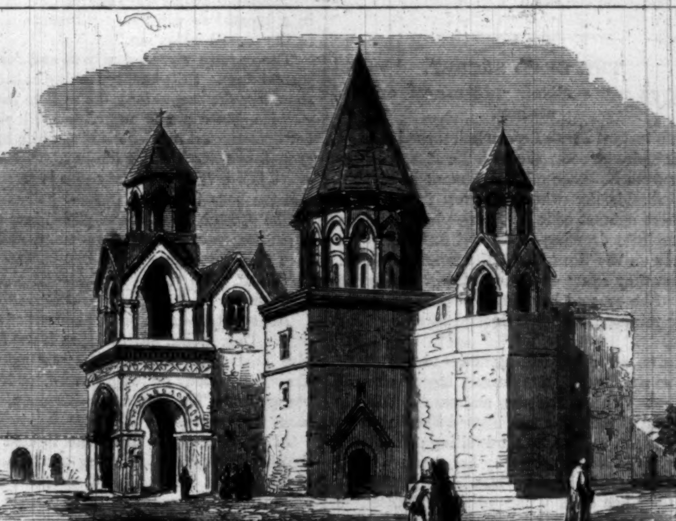
Perhaps the most interesting feature among the social customs of the people of Transcaucasia is their fondness for stories and legends. If a thorough search were made, a collection of Georgian legends might be amassed which would not only serve to elucidate the mythology of the Greeks, but would reveal the source of the best part of the legends of Europe. A few of these may be given as types:



GREAT MOSQUE AT ERIVAN.



BRIDGE AT ERIVAN.



CATHEDRAL AT ECHMIADZIN.

THE LEGEND OF THE SERPENT MOUNTAIN.

There is a mountain on the Araxes called Serpent Mountain. At certain seasons the serpents on this mountain multiply to such an extent that neither man nor beast dares approach it. Now the law of the existence of these serpents is this: if a serpent reaches the age of twenty-five without having been seen by mortal eye, it becomes a dragon, with power to change its head into that of any mortal creature, in order to beguile its victims; and if a serpent attains the age of sixty without having been seen, it may transform itself bodily for as long as it pleases into the shape of man or beast.

There was once a young herdsman roaming near this mountain; he met suddenly, at a turn in the path, a beautiful young lady, weeping bitterly, and lamenting that she had lost her way. The herdsman immediately offered to relieve her, and took her upon his horse. They had not ridden far when he fell in love with her, and she, confessing that she had merely invented the story of her having lost her way in order to beguile him, they were married without loss of time.

One day an Indian fakir stopped at their house. Now this fakir wore an onyx ring, which, as every one knows, changes color in the presence of a transformed person. The fakir perceived directly that something was wrong. He called the husband aside, and bade him order his wife to cook a particular dish.

"While she is cooking," said he, "slip some salt into the dish, conceal all the water you have in the house, fasten the doors, and lie hid to watch her."

The husband obeyed, and he soon noticed his wife looking for water. Finding none, she lengthened her neck to such a degree that it stretched out of the chimney, and the husband soon perceived, by the gurgling sounds he heard, that she was drinking at a neighboring stream.

The poor man then knew for a certainty that he had married a serpent. In his despair he consulted the fakir, who told him that the only way to get rid of her was to burn her to death. He accordingly watched till she stooped to look into the oven where she was baking bread; then, suddenly seizing her by the legs, he threw her in and shut the door. The woman-serpent begged piteously to be let out; but the husband was firm, and kept the door closed till she was reduced to ashes. The fakir then opened the oven, took out her ashes, and by their aid succeeded in transmuting base metals into gold. As for the husband, he was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife, whom he had dearly loved, that he went away and was never heard of again.

Some of these serpents, say the legends, are carnivorous. A linen-weaver, living in a village near Mount Ararat, fell in love with his master's wife, and ran away with her to the mountains. Leaving her there, he went into the valley in quest of food; when he returned he found her in the jaws of a monstrous snake, which was making ineffectual efforts to swallow her. Her head and bust was yet outside, and her outstretched arms defied the serpent's endeavors.

When she saw her lover, she called to him,

"Quick, cut the serpent's jaws on either side with your sabre!"

The man was so horror-struck that he could not speak or move.

"Hand me the sabre," screamed the woman, "and let me free myself!"

Still the man did not stir.

"Ah!" then said the woman, "I see you are a coward, I will live no longer!"

And she closed her arms, and sank into the belly of the monster. The man watched the serpent crawl to a column of basalt, and twine himself round it, cracking every bone in the woman's body; he heard the smothered shrieks of the poor creature in his inside—then ran away, a lunatic for life.

Doubtless the most interesting point in Transcaucasia is Mount Ararat, probably the most ancient geographical name in the world. Though the Armenians call it Massis, and the Turks Agridagh, there have been people for three thousand years who have known it by no other appellation than the one which it bears in Genesis. The traveler usually gets his first glimpse of it from the hills near Erivan. From that moment he can not put his foot to the earth without treading holy ground. Every hill, valley, plain, or bush, has its legend. If he ask his guide what of the hills stretching east and west, north of the town of Erivan, he will be told that they contain 366 fertile valleys, as the following legend certifies:

THE VAMPIRE DAKHANAVAR.

Once upon a time, there lived in these hills a vampire named Dakhanavar, who would not suffer any one to penetrate them. Every traveler who ventured among the hills was bled to death by the vampire, who followed him from day to day and sucked his blood from the soles of his feet till he died. At last two young fellows resolved to outwit the vampire. They journeyed through the hills all day, and when night came, lay down together, taking care that the feet of each were placed under the other's head. Before they were asleep the vampire came, and began to feel for their feet. After feeling for some time, and finding a head at either end, the vampire cried,

"Well, I have gone through the whole of these 366 valleys, and have sucked the blood of people without end, but never before did I find any one with two heads and no feet."

Saying which he made off, and thus was it made known that the number of the valleys was 366.

Erivan itself has its legend. Its name means visible; its site was the first spot of dry land seen by Noah, who cried, on seeing it, "It is visible—Erivan!" Thus we learn that Noah spoke Armenian.

Ararat itself rises to a height of 17,210 feet above the sea. Elbrouz is somewhat higher, and when seen from a distance in the steppes is perhaps as imposing; but, on a closer view, the height of the Caucasian range mars the effect. Ararat stands alone, a mighty monument of nature, with a dome-like summit covered with snow and ice, which the morning sun never fails to tinge crimson, and orange, and violet. Such is the sublimity of this awful mountain, with its silver head soaring above the clouds, that men who professed no religious belief have found themselves confessing, when they saw it, that this must have been the resting-place of the ark, and the second cradle of the human race.

The Armenians believe that no one has ever climbed Ararat, and that no one ever can. This amiable superstition is at war with a letter published the other day in the London *Times*, giving an account of an ascent of the mountain by three Englishmen, and with the more authentic narrative of the traveler, Parrot. Still, it is no doubt one of the hardest mountains in the world to climb. For the benefit of those among our readers who may not have read Parrot's narration, we are tempted to give a few notes of his exploit. We may premise by saying that Ararat is about the same height as Popocatepetl, and over three-quarters of a mile higher than the highest peak of our Rocky Mountains.

On the 12th of September, 1829, at seven in the morning, Mr. Parrot, his assistant, Schiemann, and two attendants, a Cossack and a hunter of the neighborhood, began their ascent of the mountain, starting from the monastery of St. Gregory, which the earthquake of 1840 overwhelmed. The party suffered so much from heat in climbing the lower part of the mountain that they were almost overcome; the Cossack, indeed, declared he could go no farther, and was sent back. At six P.M. they had attained a height of 12,360 feet, in an atmosphere at the freezing-point. They lay down that night in a crevice of the rock, and slept without fire. The hunter, who was in his summer dress, suffered dreadfully from cold; he used all the gray paper Mr. Parrot had brought to dry plants on to wrap round his legs; but next morning he was so stiff that the travelers sent him down and pursued their route alone. They soon came to the glaciers; after crossing which, they reached, at an eminence of 13,954 feet, the ice-sheet which covers the cone. The only mode of climbing this was by digging holes in the ice with their ice-staves, and proceeding obliquely. By this mode of operations they ascended to a height of 15,400 feet above the sea. Being still some distance from the top, they now found that there was scarcely daylight enough to complete the journey, and having but little food with them, they turned about and began the descent. This was more rapid than the ascent, for Mr. Schiemann fell, and, striking Mr. Parrot, knocked him down, and rolled him full a quarter of a mile down the ice; fortunately, without other mischief than the destruction of his instruments.

A few days afterward Mr. Parrot renewed the attempt on another side of the mountain. The ascent here was longer, but less precipitous. The travelers were able to take oxen with them to a height of over 13,000 feet above the sea, and had a good fire to sleep by at night. Next day they began the ascent of the ice-cone. They proceeded in single file, the leader cutting holes for his feet with a hatchet, and each widening them as he passed. The only difficulty that was experienced arose from the crevices, which were sometimes several feet wide, and of unfathomable depth; if required some engineering to cross them. By mid-day they had reached a snow-plain 16,028 feet above the sea. There they were stopped by unmistakable signs of a snow-storm, and after planting a cross on the spot in case they should never climb higher, they descended once more to the plain, happily escaping the storm.

On the 26th of September Parrot renewed his ascent with five companions. Recognizing the importance of sleeping the first night as near the snow-line as possible, he attained a height of 13,800 feet the first day, and spent a comfortable night under some loose rocks. The travelers had brought fuel and onions; they found a soup made of the latter very palatable and refreshing. At half past six next morning they proceeded, and by ten A.M. stood on the snow-plain where they had erected the cross. There was still an acclivity of some 1200 feet to climb; it was so steep and the ice so smooth, that it took them five hours to ascend it, and more than once during that ascent, as they climbed hills, believing them to be the highest point, and found, when they were on the summit, that there were higher points still, they almost despaired, and cried from vexation. They succeeded at last, and at a quarter past three that afternoon stood upon the peak of Ararat, 17,210 feet above the sea.

Mr. Ker Porter has suggested that the ark did not rest on the top of the mountain, but in the valley between Ararat and a small spur adjoining called Little Ararat; he infers this from certain passages in Genesis to which the reader may refer, and also from the difficulty which Noah and his family would have experienced in getting down the mountain if they were stranded on the top. Mr. Parrot and the learned men of Armenia see no reason why the literal sense of Scripture should not be the true one. They think it likely that the ark rested on the very top of the mountain; and without explaining how the patriarch and his family—not to speak of the animals he had with him—got down the mile or so of steep ice, they believe that the ark is there still, preserved under a heavy layer of ice, like Pompeii under the layers of lava. Mr. Parrot believed that proper excavations might bring it to light, probably in a remarkable state of preservation.

The country round Ararat is famous for its legends. Beginning with Noah and Abraham, the people have extra-biblical stories about all the old patriarchs, whom they gracefully confound with Prometheus and Alexander the Great, and occasionally connect with Genghis Khan and Nadir Shah, and the emperors of Russia. Every hamlet, every ruin has its weird tale. One or two of these will probably be new to our readers.

THE WERE-WOLVES.

Women, for their sins, are sometimes changed into wolves. Once a woman living near Mount Ararat had led a sinful and wicked life. A spirit appeared to her, and bade her put on the skin of a wolf, which he handed her. She had no sooner put on the skin than wolfish passions arose in her breast. She grated her teeth one against the other, and snarled, till the spirit disappeared. For a moment, when she was left alone, her womanly nature struggled to regain the mastery, but it was soon overpowered; she felt herself yielding to a wolfish ferocity, and her own children appearing that moment, she fell upon them, tore them in pieces, and ate them. Other children fell in her way, and were devoured likewise. What made her transformation the more horrible was, that she was only a wolf by night; by day she was a woman, and pursued her usual avocations; when night came, and her husband fell asleep, she crept out of the house, put on the wolf-skin, which was very carefully hidden, and roamed the neighborhood in search of prey. One night, just before daybreak, a hunter returning from the forest saw her, in her wolf's shape, tearing a child to pieces. He gave chase, but could not catch her. She let fall the limbs of the child, and made good her escape. Following on her track till after daylight, the hunter entered a cave, and found there a wolf's skin. The track being lost, he sat down to rest in the cave, and lit a fire. Rage seizing him at the thought of the poor mangled child, he seized the wolf-skin and threw it into the fire. At this the woman suddenly appeared, screaming and moaning, and besought him to let her drag the skin out of the fire. He would not, and held her back till the whole skin was consumed. Then the woman, with a wild shriek, fell to the earth, and vanished out of sight. So there was an end of the Were-Wolf.

THE DISCOVERY OF RICE.

Abraham the patriarch had a son named Shah Ismael, who became the greatest monarch in the world. Having conquered all nations on earth, he resolved to subdue the men of the sea likewise. To reduce them, he merely ordered that every man of his subjects should take a bucketful of sea-water every day from the ocean, and empty it on land. After a few weeks of this performance, the men of the sea saw that they were in a strait. They sent a messenger to Ismael to ask whether he was in a hurry or not; "for," said the King of the Sea, "if he is in a hurry he will eat dirt, but if he has patience we must submit." The messenger, speaking only the language of the sea, was not understood by Ismael, who, doubtless to please him, threw him into a well. He gave him a wife; and shortly a son was born to them in the well. When this son grew up, he acted as interpreter; and then the King of the Sea learned that Ismael was in no hurry. Knowing his fate, and being much inconvenienced by the fall of the waters, the Sea King sent to know what Ismael would have by way of tribute? The answer was, "One hundred galvar" (fifty tons) "of the food the King eats." The Sea King answered that this he could not give, as there was not so much in all his watery realm; but he offered Ismael twenty-five galvar. After some delay, the son of Abraham accepted this tribute, and the food sent him was rice, the first ever grown on the earth.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE HIDING OF THE SECRET.

The instant Sarah Leeson had turned the key of her bedroom door, she took the sheet of note-paper from its place of concealment in her bosom—shuddering, when she drew it out, as if the mere contact of it hurt her—placed it open on her little dressing-table, and fixed her eyes eagerly on the lines which the note contained. At first they swam and mingled together before her. She pressed her hands over her eyes for a few minutes, and then looked at the writing again.

The characters were clear now—vividly clear, and, as she fancied, unnaturally large and near to view. There was the address: "To my Husband;" there the first blotted line beneath, in her dead mistress's handwriting; there the lines that followed, traced by her own pen, with the signatures at the end—Mrs. Treverton's first, and then her own. The whole amounted to but very few sentences, written on one perishable fragment of paper, which the flame of a candle would have consumed in a moment. Yet there she sat, reading, reading, reading, over and over again; never touching the note, except when it was absolutely necessary to turn over the first page; never moving, never speaking, never raising her eyes from the paper. As a condemned prisoner might read his death-warrant, so did Sarah Leeson now read the few lines which she and her mistress had written together not half an hour since.

The secret of the paralyzing effect of that writing on her mind lay not only in itself but in the circumstances which had attended the act of its production. The oath which had been proposed by Mrs. Treverton under no more serious influence than the last caprice of disordered faculties, stimulated by confused remembrances of stage words and stage situations, had been accepted by Sarah Leeson as the most sacred and inviolable engagement to which she could bind herself. The threat of enforcing obedience to her last commands from beyond the grave, which the mistress had uttered in mocking experiment on the superstitious fears of the credulous maid, now hung darkly over the weak mind of Sarah, as a judgment which might descend on her, visibly and inexorably, at any moment of her future life. When she roused herself at last, and pushed away the paper, and rose to her feet, she stood quite still for an instant, before she ventured to look behind her. When she did look, it was with an effort and a start, with a searching distrust of the empty dimness in the remoter corners of the room.

Her old habit of talking to herself began to resume its influence, as she now walked rapidly backward and forward, sometimes along the room and sometimes across it. She repeated incessantly such broken phrases as these: "How can I give him the letter? Such a good master; so kind to us all. Why did she die, and leave it all to me? I can't bear it all alone; it's too much for me." While reiterating these sentences, she vacantly occupied herself in putting things about the room in order, which were set in perfect order already. All her looks, all her actions, betrayed the vain struggle of a weak mind to sustain itself under the weight of a heavy responsibility. She arranged and rearranged the cheap china ornaments on her chimney-piece a dozen times over—put her pincushion first on the looking-glass, then on the table in front of it—changed the position of the little porcelain dish and tray on her wash-hand-stand, now to one side of the basin and now to the other. Throughout all these trifling actions, the natural grace, delicacy, and prim neathandedness of the woman still waited mechanically on the most useless and aimless of her occupations of the moment. She knocked nothing down, she put nothing away, her footsteps at their fastest made no sound—the very skirts of her dress were kept as properly and prudishly composed as if it was broad daylight and the eyes of all her neighbors were looking at her.

From time to time the sense of the words she was murmuring confusedly to herself changed. Sometimes they disjointedly expressed bolder and more self-reliant thoughts. Once they seemed to urge her again to the dressing-table and the open letter on it, against her own will. She read aloud the address: "To my Husband," and caught the letter up sharply, and spoke in firmer tones. "Why give it to him at all? Why not let the secret die with her and die with me, as it ought? Why should he know it? He shall *not* know it!" Saying those last words, she desperately held the letter within an inch of the flame of the candle. At the same moment the white curtain over the window before her stirred a little, as the freshening air found its way through the old-fashioned, ill-fitting sashes. Her eye caught sight of it, as it waved gently backward and forward. She clasped the letter suddenly to her breast with both hands, and shrank back against the wall of the room, her eyes still fastened on the curtain, with the same blank look of horror which they had expressed when Mrs. Treverton had threatened to claim her servant's obedience from the other world.

"Something moves," she gasped to herself, in a breathless whisper. "Something moves in the room besides me."

The curtain waved slowly to and fro for the second time. Still fixedly looking at it over her shoulder, she crept along the wall to the door.

"Do you come to me already?" she said, her eyes riveted on the curtain, while her hand groped over the lock for the key. "Before the grave is dug? Before the coffin is made? Before the body is cold?"

She opened the door and glided into the passage; stopped there for a moment, and looked back into the room.

"Rest!" she said. "Rest—he shall have the letter."

The staircase-lamp guided her out of the passage. Descending hurriedly, as if she feared to give herself time to think, she reached Captain Treverton's study on the ground-floor in a minute or two. The door was wide open, and the room was empty.

After reflecting a little, she lighted one of the chamber-candles standing on the hall-table at the lamp in the study, and ascended the stairs again to her master's bedroom. After repeatedly knocking at the door and obtaining no answer, she ventured to go in. The bed had not been disturbed, the candles had not been lit—to all appearance, the room had not even been entered during the night.

There was but one other place to seek him in—the chamber in which his wife lay dead. Could she summon the courage to give him the letter there? She hesitated a little—then whispered, "I must! I must!" The direction she now compelled herself to take, led her a little way down the stairs again. She descended very slowly this time, holding cautiously by the banisters, and pausing to take breath almost at every step. The door of what had been Mrs. Treverton's bed-room was opened, when she ventured to knock at it, by the nurse, who inquired roughly and suspiciously what she wanted there.

"I want to speak to my master."

"Look for him somewhere else. He was here half an hour ago. He is gone now."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No. I don't pry into other people's goings and comings. I mind my own business."

With that discourteous answer the nurse closed the door again. Just as Sarah turned away from it she looked toward the inner end of the passage. The door of the nursery was situated there. It was ajar, and a dim gleam of candle-light was flickering through it.

She went in immediately, and saw that the candle-light came from an inner-room usually occupied, as she well knew, by the nursery-maid and by the only child of the house of Treverton, a little girl, named Rosamond, aged, at that time, nearly five years.

"Can he be there? in that room, of all the rooms in the house?"

Quickly as the thought arose in her mind, Sarah raised the letter (which she had hitherto carried in her hand) to the bosom of her dress, and hid it for the second time, exactly as she had hidden it on leaving her mistress's bedside.

She then stole across the nursery on tiptoe toward the inner room. The entrance to it, to please some caprice of the child, had been arched, and framed with trellis-work, gayly-colored, so as to resemble the entrance to a summer-house. Two pretty chintz curtains, hanging inside the trellis-work, formed the only barrier between the day-room and the bed-room. One of these was looped up, and toward the opening thus made, Sarah now advanced, after cautiously leaving her candle in the passage outside.

The first object that attracted her attention in the child's bed-room, was the figure of the nurse-maid, leaning back fast asleep in an easy chair by the window. Venturing, after this discovery, to look more boldly into the room, she next saw her master sitting with his back toward her, by the side of the child's crib. Little Rosamond was awake, and was standing up in bed with her arms round her father's neck. One of her hands held over his shoulder the doll that she had taken to bed with her, the other was twined gently in his hair. The child had been crying bitterly, and had now exhausted herself, so that she was only moaning a little from time to time, with her head laid wearily on her father's bosom.

The tears stood thick in Sarah's eyes as they looked on her master and on the little hands that lay round his neck. She lingered by the raised curtain, heedless of the risk she ran, from moment to moment, of being discovered and questioned—lingered until she heard Captain Treverton say soothingly to the child,

"Hush, Rosie, dear! hush, my own love! Don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him."

Simple as the words were, quietly and tenderly as they were spoken, they seemed instantly to deprive Sarah Leeson of all power of self-control. Reckless whether she was heard or not, she turned and ran into the passage as if she had been flying for her life. Passing the candle she had left there, without so much as a look at it, she made for the stairs, and descended them with headlong rapidity to the kitchen-floor. There, one of the servants who had been sitting up met her, and with a face of astonishment and alarm, asked what was the matter.

"I'm ill—I'm faint—I want air," she answered, speaking thickly and confusedly. "Open the garden-door and let me out."

The man obeyed, but doubtfully, as if he thought her unfit to be trusted by herself.

"She gets stranger than ever in her ways," he said, when he rejoined his fellow-servants, after Sarah had hurried past him into the open air. "Now my mistress is dead, she will have to find another place, I suppose. I, for one, shan't break my heart when she's gone. Shall you?"

The cool, sweet air in the garden blowing freshly over Sarah's face, seemed to calm the violence of her agitation. She turned down a sidewalk which led to a terrace, and overlooked the church of the neighboring village. The daylight out of doors was clear already. The misty auburn light that goes before sunrise was flowing up, peaceful and lovely, behind a line of black-brown moorland, over all the eastern sky. The old church, with the hedge of myrtle and fuschia growing round the little cemetery at the side of it in all the luxuriance which is only to be seen in Cornwall, was clearing and brightening to view, almost as fast as the morning firmament itself. Sarah leaned her arms heavily on the back of a garden-seat, and turned her face toward the church. Her eyes wandered from the building itself to the cemetery by its side—rested there—and watched the light growing warmer and warmer over the lonesome refuge where the dead lay at rest.

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" she said. "What must it be made of not to break?"

She remained for some time leaning on the seat, looking sadly toward the church-yard, and pondering over the words which she had heard Captain Treverton say to the child. They seemed to connect themselves, as every thing else now appeared to connect itself in her mind, with the letter that had been written on Mrs. Treverton's death-bed. She drew it from her bosom once more, and crushed it up angrily in her fingers.

"Still in my hands! still not seen by any eyes but mine!" she said, looking down at the crumpled pages. "Is it all my fault? If she was alive now—if she had seen what I saw, if she had heard what I heard—could she expect me to give him the letter?"

Her mind was apparently steadied by the reflection which her last words expressed. She moved away thoughtfully from the garden-seat, crossed the terrace, descended some wooden steps, and followed a shrubbery path, which led round by a winding track from the east to the north side of the house.

This part of the building had been uninhabited and neglected for more than half a century past. In the time of Captain Treverton's father the whole range of the north rooms had been stripped of their finest pictures and their most valuable furniture, to assist in redecorating the west rooms, which now formed the only inhabited part of the house, and which were amply sufficient for the accommodation of the family and of any visitors who came to stay with them. The mansion had been originally built in the form of a square, and had been strongly fortified. Of the many defenses of the place, but one now remained—a heavy, low tower (from which, and from the village near, the house derived its name of Porthgenna Tower), standing at the southern extremity of the west front. The south side itself consisted of stables and out-houses, with a ruinous wall in front of them, which, running back, eastward, at right angles, joined the north side, and so completed the square which the whole outline of the building represented. The outside view of the range of north rooms from the weedy, deserted garden below, showed plainly enough that many years had passed since any human creature had inhabited them. The window-panes were broken in some places, and covered thickly with dirt and dust in others. Here, the shutters were closed—there, they were only half opened. The untrained ivy, the rank vegetation growing in fissures of the stone-work, the festoons of spiders'-webs, the rubbish of wood, bricks, plaster, broken glass, rags, and strips of soiled cloth, which lay beneath the windows, all told the same tale of neglect. Shadowed by its position, this ruinous side of the house had a dark, cold, wintry aspect, even on the sunny August morning when Sarah Leeson strayed into the deserted northern garden. Lost in the labyrinth of her own thoughts, she moved slowly past flower-beds, long since rooted up, and along gravel-walks overgrown by weeds; her eyes wandering mechanically over the prospect, her feet mechanically carrying her on wherever there was a trace of a footpath, lead where it might.

The shock which the words spoken by her master in the nursery had communicated to her mind had set her whole nature, so to speak, at bay, and had roused in her, at last, the moral courage to arm herself with a final and a desperate resolution. Wandering more and more slowly along the pathways of the forsaken garden, as the course of her ideas withdrew her more and more completely from outward things, she stopped insensibly on an open patch of ground, which had once been a well-kept lawn, and which still commanded a full view of the long range of uninhabited north rooms.

"What binds me to give the letter to my master at all?" she thought to herself, smoothing out the crumpled paper dreamily in the palm of her hand. "My mistress died without making me swear to do that. Can she visit it on me from the other world, if I keep the promises I swore to observe, and do no more? May I not risk the worst that can happen, so long as I hold religiously to all that I undertook to do on my oath?"

She paused here in reasoning with herself; her superstitious fears still influencing her out of doors, in the daylight, as they had influenced her in her own room, in the time of darkness. She paused—then fell to smoothing the letter again, and began to recall the terms of the solemn engagement which Mrs. Treverton had forced her to contract.

What had she actually bound herself to do? Not to destroy the letter, and not to take it away with her if she left the house. Beyond that, Mrs. Treverton's desire had been that the letter should be given to her husband. Was that last wish binding on the person to whom ~~it had been~~ confided? Yes. As binding as an oath? No.

As she arrived at that conclusion, she looked up. At first her eyes rested vacantly on the lonely, deserted north front of the house; gradually, they became attracted by one particular window exactly in the middle, on the floor above the ground—the largest and the gloomiest of all the row; suddenly they brightened with an expression of intelligence. She started; a faint flush of color flew into her cheeks, and she hastily advanced closer to the wall of the house.

The panes of the large window were yellow with dust and dirt, and festooned about fantastically with cobwebs. Below it was a heap of rubbish, scattered over the dry mould of what might once have been a bed of flowers or shrubs. The form of the bed was still marked out by an oblong boundary of weeds and rank grass. She followed it irresolutely all round, looking up at the window at every step, then stopped close under it, glanced at the letter in her hand, and said to herself, abruptly—

"I'll risk it!"

As the words fell from her lips, she hastened back to the inhabited part of the house, followed the passage on the kitchen floor which led to the housekeeper's room, entered it and took down from a nail in the wall a bunch of keys, having a large ivory label attached to the ring that connected them, on which was inscribed, "Keys of the North Rooms."

She placed the keys on a writing-table near her, took up a pen, and rapidly added these lines on the blank side of the letter which she had written under her mistress's dictation:

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do neither—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part, will fall on myself. Others, I believe on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

She signed these lines with her name—pressed them hurriedly over the blotting-pad that lay with the rest of the writing materials on the table—took the note in her hand, after first folding it up, and then, snatching at the bunch of keys, with a look all round her, as if she dreaded being secretly observed, left the room. All her actions since she had entered it, had been hasty and sudden; she was evidently afraid of allowing herself one leisure moment to reflect.

On quitting the housekeeper's room, she turned to the left, ascended a back staircase, and unlocked a door at the top of it. A cloud of dust flew all about her, as she softly opened the door; a mouldy coolness made her shiver as she crossed a large stone hall, with some black old family portraits, the canvases of which were bulging out of the frames, hanging on the walls. Ascending more stairs, she came upon a row of doors, all leading into rooms on the first floor of the north side of the house.

She knelt down, putting the letter on the boards beside her, opposite the keyhole of the first door she came to on reaching the top of the stairs, peered in distrustfully for an instant, then began to try the different keys till she found one that fitted the lock. She had great difficulty in accomplishing this, from the violence of her agitation, which made her hands tremble to such a degree that she was hardly able to keep the keys separate one from the other. At length she succeeded in opening the door. Thicker clouds of dust than she had yet met with flew out the moment the interior of the room was visible; a dry, airless, suffocating atmosphere almost choked her as she stooped to pick up the letter from the floor. She recoiled from it at first, and took a few steps back toward the staircase. But she recovered her resolution immediately. "I can't go back now!" she said, desperately, and entered the room.

She did not remain in it more than two or three minutes. When she came out again, her face was white with fear, and the hand which had held the letter when she went into the room, held nothing now but a small rusty key.

After locking the door again, she examined the large bunch of keys which she had taken from the housekeeper's room, with closer attention than she had yet bestowed on them. Besides the ivory label attached to the ring that connected them, there were smaller labels of parchment, tied to the handles of some of the keys, to indicate the rooms to which they gave admission. The particular key which she had used had one of these labels hanging to it. She held the little strip of parchment close to the light, and read on it, in written characters faded by time,

"*The Myrtle Room.*"

The room in which the letter was hidden had a name, then! A prettily sounding name that would attract most people, and keep pleasantly in their memories. A name to be distrusted by her, after what she had done, on that very account.

She took her housewife from its usual place in the pocket of her apron, and, with the scissors which it contained, cut the label from the key. Was it enough to destroy that one only? She lost herself in a maze of useless conjecture; and ended by cutting off the other labels, from no other motive than instinctive suspicion of them.

Carefully gathering up the strips of parchment from the floor, she put them, along with the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room, in the empty pocket of her apron. Then, carrying the large bunch of keys in her hand, and carefully locking the doors that she had opened on her way to the north side of Porthgenna Tower, she retraced her steps to the housekeeper's room, entered it without seeing any body, and hung up the bunch of keys again on the nail in the wall.

Fearful, as the morning hours wore on, of meeting with some of the female servants, she next hastened back to her bedroom. The candle she had left there was still burning feebly in the fresh daylight. When she drew aside the window-curtain, after extinguishing the candle, a shadow of her former fear passed over her face, even in the broad daylight that now flowed in upon it. She opened the window, and leaned out eagerly into the cool air.

Whether for good or for evil, the fatal secret was hidden now—the act was done. There was something calming in the first consciousness of that one fact. She could think more composedly, after that, of herself, and of the uncertain future that lay before her.

Under no circumstances could she have expected to remain in her situation, now that the connection between herself and her mistress had been severed by death. She knew that Mrs. Treverton, in the last days of her illness, had earnestly recommended her maid to Captain Treverton's kindness and protection, and she felt assured that the wife's last entreaties, in this as in all other instances, would be viewed as the most sacred of obligations by the husband. But could she accept protection and kindness at the hand of the master whom she had been accessory to deceiving, and whom she had now committed herself to deceiving still? The bare idea of such baseness was so revolting, that she accepted, almost with a sense of relief, the one sad alternative that remained—the alternative of leaving the house immediately.

And how was she to leave it? By giving formal warning, and so exposing herself to questions which would be sure to confuse and terrify her? Could she venture to face her master again, after what she had done—to face him, when his first inquiries would refer to her mistress, when he would be certain to ask her for the last mournful details, for the slightest word that had been spoken during the death-scene which she alone had witnessed? She started to her feet, as the certain consequences of submitting herself to that unendurable trial all crowded together warningly on her mind, took her cloak from its place on the wall, and listened at her door in sudden suspicion and fear. Had she heard footsteps? Was her master sending for her already?

No: all was silent outside. A few tears rolled over her cheeks as she put on her bonnet, and felt that she was facing, by the performance of that simple every-day action, the last, and perhaps the hardest to meet, of the cruel necessities in which the hiding of the secret had involved her. There was no help for it. She must run the risk of betraying every thing, or brave the double trial of leaving Porthgenna Tower, and leaving it secretly.

Secretly—as a thief might go? Secretly—without a word to her master; without so much as one line of writing to thank him for his kindness, and to ask his pardon? She had unlocked her desk, and had taken from it her purse, one or two letters, and a little book of Wesley's Hymns, before these considerations occurred to her. They made her pause in the act of shutting up the desk. "Shall I write?" she asked herself, "and leave the letter here, to be found when I am gone?" A little more reflection decided her in the affirmative. As rapidly as her pen could form the letters, she wrote a few lines addressed to Captain Treverton, in which she confessed to having kept a secret from his knowledge which had been left in her charge to divulge; adding, that she honestly believed no harm could come to him, or to any one in whom he was interested, by her failing to perform the duty intrusted to her; and ending by asking his pardon for leaving the house secretly, and by begging, as a last favor, that no search might ever be made for her. Having sealed this short note, and left it on her table, with her master's name written outside, she listened again at the door; and, after satisfying herself that no one was yet stirring, began to descend the stairs at Porthgenna Tower for the last time.

At the entrance of the passage leading to the nursery, she stopped. The tears which she had restrained since leaving her room, began to flow again. Urgent as her reasons now were for effecting her departure without a moment's loss of time, she advanced, with the strangest inconsistency, a few steps toward the nursery-door. Before she had gone far a slight noise in the lower part of the house caught her ear and instantly checked her further progress. While she stood doubtful the grief at her heart—a greater grief than any she had yet betrayed—rose irresistibly to her lips, and burst from them in one deep, gasping sob. The sound of it seemed to terrify her into a sense of the danger of her position if she delayed a moment longer. She ran out again to the stairs, reached the kitchen-floor in safety, and made her escape by the garden-door which the servant had opened for her at the dawn of the morning.

On getting clear of the premises at Porthgenna Tower, instead of taking the nearest path over the moor that led to the high road, she diverged to the church; but stopped, before she came to it, at the public well of the neighborhood, which had been sunk near the cottages of the Porthgenna fishermen. Cautiously looking round her, she dropped into the well the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room; then she hurried on, and entered the church-yard. She directed her course straight to one of the graves situated a little apart from the rest. On the head-stone were inscribed these words:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH POLWHEAL,
AGED 26 YEARS.
HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
IN
PORTHGENNA MINE,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Gathering a few leaves of grass from the grave, Sarah opened the little book of Wesley's Hymns which she had brought with her from the bed-room at Porthgenna Tower, and placed the leaves delicately and carefully between the pages. As she did this, the wind blew open the title-page of the Hymns, and displayed this inscription on it, written in large, clumsy characters: "Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

Having secured the blades of grass between the pages of the book, she retraced her way toward the path leading to the high road. Arrived on the moor, she took out of her apron-pocket the parchment labels that had been cut from the keys, and scattered them under the furze-bushes.

"Gone," she said, "as I am gone! God help and forgive me, it is all done and over now!"

With these words she turned her back on the old house and the sea-view below it, and followed the moorland path on her way to the high road.

Four hours afterward Captain Treverton desired one of the servants at Porthgenna Tower to inform Sarah Leeson that he wished to hear all she had to tell him of the dying moments of her mistress. The messenger returned with looks and words of amazement, and with the letter that Sarah had addressed to her master in his hand.

The moment Captain Treverton had read the letter, he ordered an immediate search to be made after the missing woman. She was so easy to describe and to recognize, by the premature grayness of her hair, by the odd, scared look in her eyes, and by her habit of constantly talking to herself, that she was traced with certainty as far as Truro. In that large town the track of her was lost and never recovered again. Rewards were offered; the magistrates of the district were interested in the case; all that wealth and power could do to discover her was done—and done in vain. No clew was found to suggest a suspicion of her whereabouts, or to help in the slightest degree toward explaining the nature of the secret at which she had hinted in her letter. She was not seen again, not heard of again, at Porthgenna Tower, after the morning of the twenty-third of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

TRUE CIVILIZATION.—Philosophers and moralists have long since told us that a conclusive test of a nation's progress in civilization is found in the position awarded to the Fair Sex, and the degree of influence it is allowed to exercise. We all know how deficient the great nations of antiquity were in this respect; but it appears by the experience of the African traveler, Dr. Livingstone, that we can no longer arrogate to ourselves the superiority in this "crowning grace of chivalry." In his untrodden path across the great continent from west to east, the Doctor, when deep among the "true negro tribes, where a white man had never been seen," says (rather ungallantly) "he was more astonished by the estimation in which their women were held among them than by any thing else in the country." They were often made chieftains. If a divorce happened, it was generally the woman who divorced the man, and she took the children away with her. If a man married a young woman residing in another village, he was obliged to leave his own village and go and live with his wife and his mother-in-law, whom he had to supply with wood, which was often only obtained at a considerable distance. If a man were asked to do a piece of work, his reply would be, after learning how much he was to get for it, "I will go and consult my wife:" if she consented, the work would be done; but if she did not, nothing would induce the husband to perform it. After this, we think the conclusion must be, in every female mind, that our missionaries have something to *learn* as well as to *teach*; and that (bating color, climate, etc.), an approximation to the true Utopia has at last been discovered where it was least looked for. Seriously speaking, however, Dr. Livingstone's experience is of the highest interest and importance. Unarmed and unaided his explorations were made, and he never found reason to repent his exclusive dependence on the moral influences too often disregarded by travelers in their contact with strange tribes and races.

ISAAC WALTON'S MONUMENT.—A movement is now on foot to perpetuate the memory of the father of angling, in which we are sure all good "Waltonians" on either side of the Atlantic will be glad to participate. The plain black marble slab under which he reposes in Prior Silkstead's chapel in Winchester cathedral—within sound of the ministrations of the church he loved so well—has suffered from age, and the affection of pilgrims, and the quaint inscription (which we would give here if it had not been often repeated) is in danger of defacement. It is proposed to restore this original epitaph, and to place a portrait-monument in marble above the tomb, the entire cost of which will be about a hundred guineas. To raise that sum a subscription is now opened.

POCAHONTAS.—An interesting link in the chain of American Documentary History has just been given by the Rector of Gravesend, in Kent, to the Rev. R. Anderson, for his "Colonial Church History." It is the fac-simile copy of the entry of the death of Pocahontas, in the register of that parish, where she died three years after her marriage, when on the point of embarking to return to her native land with her husband, who was appointed Secretary and Recorder-General for Virginia. It runs thus: "1616, March 21. Rebecca Rolfe, wyffe of Thomas Rolfe, gent. A Virginia lady borne, was buried in ye Chauncell." The present church at Gravesend is an erection later than the date of this entry, so that in all probability it is the only tangible relic of the last resting-place of one called by our forefathers "the first fruit of the Gospel in America," of whom Sir Thomas Dale (Marshal of Virginia) wrote, "were it but the gaining of this one soule I will think my time, toile, and present stay well spent." Poor Pocahontas! who shall say what emotions passed through her mind when, strong in affectionate confidence, she accompanied her husband from the pleasant savannas of Virginia, which she was never to see again, to the Court of England, and still (in the words of Purchas) "did not onely accustom herselfe to civilitie, but carried herself as the daughter of a king." Every trait preserved of her in the records of the time testifies to her "increasing in goodness as the knowledge of God increased in her." Her true story is one that can never become hackneyed even with familiarity, and should be religiously kept free from burlesque association. Every true Frenchman despises Voltaire for his dastardly poem on Joan of Arc, and we hope a similar feeling will continue to prevail in American literature. The blood of Pocahontas is so often boasted of as a distinction, that it may not be out of place to make a brief note of the channels by which it has been transmitted to our times. When Rolfe, the widowed husband, pursued his solitary voyage to Virginia, he left his infant son in England, under the charge of an uncle. After his education had been completed, he went to Virginia and settled there, where he became a person of fortune and distinction. At his death he left an only daughter (the grandchild of Pocahontas) who was married to Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son John, who was also father of a son of the same name, and several daughters, married to Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, and Mr. James Murray, "so that this remnant of the imperial family of Virginia, which long ran in one single person, is now increased and branched out into a very numerous progeny."

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.—"Editor 'Notes and Queries,' where shall I find the lines

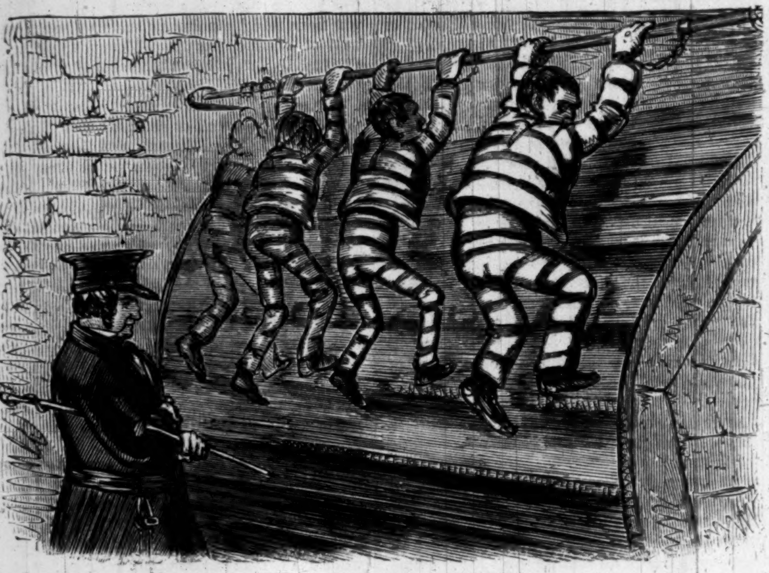
> The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slave,
> But she's a drudge when hectored by the brave.

Also,

> Man, the hermit, sighed till Woman smiled.

An answer will oblige D. A. E."

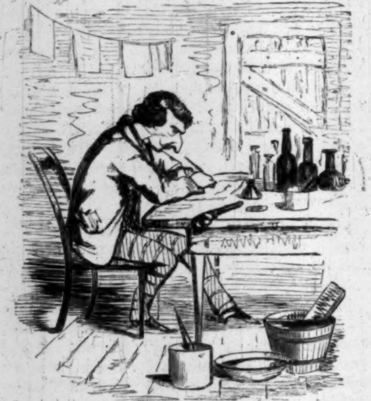
STREET NOMENCLATURE.—A measure of practical reform is now under consideration in London that exceeds in radicalism any thing that we remember in that eminently conservative metropolis. It proposes no less an undertaking than a complete revision of the names of the London streets, and a thorough rechristening of all that need it, from possessing duplicate appellations. The facts brought out in the investigation really show the need of a reform, and render obvious the confusion that must arise from the poverty of invention which would seem to be a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind abroad as well as at home. The committee appointed for the purpose commence their work by taking in hand 571 streets of London which have but *seventeen* names among them: what a glorious chance for cheating cab-drivers who may indulge in the frolic of carrying a country gentleman to sixty-two George Streets before finding the right one, in case his destination should be in such a quarter! We give the names of this inordinately favored group, because we think a philosopher may find matter for observation in it; they are placed in the order of their frequency of usage. "George Street, Charles Street, John Street, King Street, Queen Street, Church Street, New Street, William Street, High Street, Union Street, North Street, Duke Street, James Street, York Street, Park Place, Edward Street, York Place." Here at once is a demand for 554 new names, and the committee seem to have thoroughly searched English History, ancient, medieval, and modern, for that valuable, but often neglected, commodity "a good name." From the Anglo-Saxon King Egbert, to Mr. Delane of the *Times*, and Douglas Jerrold of *Punch*, no celebrity, literary, political, military, or miscellaneous, has been allowed to escape. In some cases local propriety has been studied, as in the three "Charles Streets" in the immediate neighborhood of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, which are henceforward to be "Cibber Street," "Garrick Street," and "Foote Street;" but in most instances it is impossible to trace any principle at work in the appropriation. It requires some courage to undertake a job so certain to meet with hostile criticism; and the Press is already making merry with the committee, who have not failed to immortalize their own sixteen (highly respectable, doubtless, but most unhistoric) names, by fathering them on the like number of reputable thoroughfares. In spite of jokes the plan is a good one, and we wish it was acted on in our pre-eminently street-building community. What can be so barren of all suggestion, so destitute of any enlivening or ennobling association as our present wretched and prosaic plan of distinguishing streets by numbers, which we defy any one but a lot-owner to remember? It was not always so. On the eastern side of New York, "Montgomery," "Willett," "Rutgers," "Scammell," and other Revolutionary heroes still live, and are daily brought to remembrance. The old stock is not exhausted, and we are not without new names of equal pride and significance; who that regards its beautiful site commanding both rivers would not rather live in "Buena Vista" Street than Fourteenth Street? or where shall we find a happier title for our principal northern thoroughfare than "Kane Avenue?"



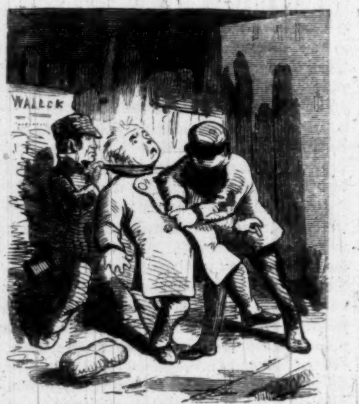
MORAL INSANITY.—OLD TREATMENT.

MORAL INSANITY.

WE lack as yet a scientific diagnosis of this disease, and a uniform and rational mode of treatment. This deficiency we trust may be supplied by applying the profound philosophy of Gall and Spurzheim to the pregnant hints of Bryan and Parker.

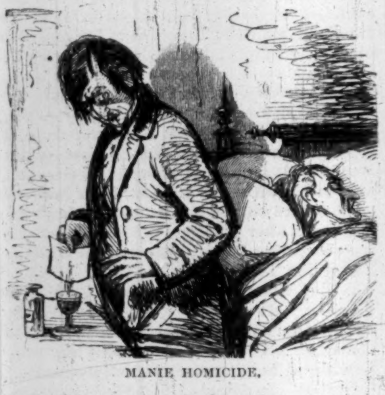


FRAUDOMANIA.

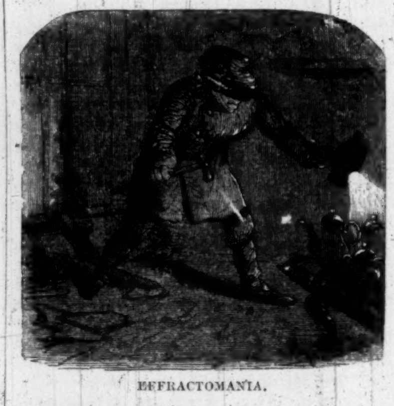


FERROMANIA.

Our investigations have convinced us that moral insanity arises from a local affection of certain organs of the brain, varying in character and intensity with the age and circumstances of the sufferer. In very young children *Alimentiveness* is very frequently affected, causing them to pay furtive visits to the jam-pot and treacle-jar, and make stealthy investigations into the contents of the sugar-bowl and cake-basket. At a later age *Acquisitiveness* is involved, inducing nocturnal forays into orchards and melon-patches, and unlicensed appropriations of coin and other valuables, indicating a want of ability to appreciate the metaphysical distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

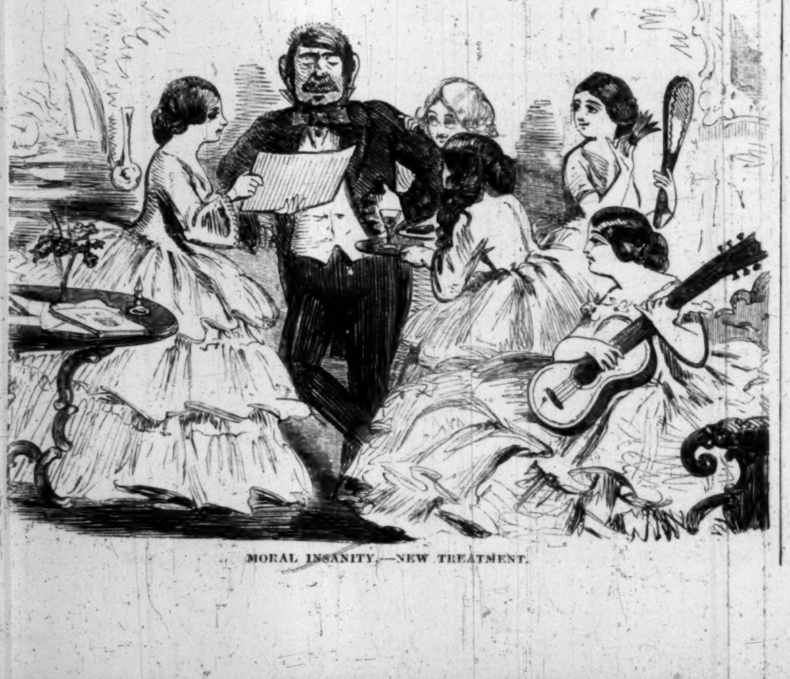


MANIE HOMICIDE.



EFFRACTOMANIA.

Such cases usually yield to the ordinary domestic remedies, such as temporary seclusion in a darkened closet, or compulsory retirement at an early hour, with abstinence from the customary evening meal. To these may be added the application of the maternal hand *a posteriori* or *ad auram*. Some prefer a smart fillip with the second finger, armed with a thimble to increase its potency. If the disease resists this mild treatment, recourse may be had to a vigorous external application of the extract of willow or the oil of birch. Still more efficacious is the tincture of leather, which may be conveniently prepared from a piece of an old bridle, a bit of undressed hide rolled into a cylindrical form, slightly tapering toward the extremity, or even from the lash of an ordinary horsewhip. This treatment, judiciously followed up, will usually effect a cure.



MORAL INSANITY.—NEW TREATMENT.

Moral Insanity in adults, like the measles and whooping cough, is apt to prove troublesome and dangerous. So many organs are affected, and so various and complicated are the symptoms, that the real nature of the disease has been very generally misunderstood; and various names have been vulgarly given to what are in reality only different phases of one disorder.

If *Destructiveness* is the principal organ affected, the sufferer manifests an uncontrollable propensity to interfere with the vital functions of others. If *Cautiousness* and *Secretiveness* are also diseased, he prefers the use of arsenic and strychnine to any more obvious means of accomplishing his objects. Esquerol, very properly designates this as *monomanie homicide*.

If *Acquisitiveness* is the primary seat of the disease, it manifests itself as simple *Cleptomania*, leading the patient to explore the pockets of others, or pick up any unguarded valuable that comes in his way. If complicated by diseased *Destructiveness* and *Combativeness*, he is apt to preface his operations by the dextrous application of a noose, or the fingers to the windpipe, or a slung-shot to the cranium of the subject of his experiments. This form of insanity has received the distinctive appellation of *Ferromania*. If *Cautiousness* and *Secretiveness* are also involved, the maniac is prone to avail himself of the aid of a jimmy and dark lantern to investigate the contents of warehouses and plate-chests. This form of the disease should be designated as *Effractomania*. If the sufferer happens to be in possession of property upon which a heavy insurance has been effected, he is very liable to an attack of *Pyromania*, prompting him to apply a lighted match to the property in question.

The most prevalent forms of *Cleptomania* arise from a diseased state of *Acquisitiveness*, complicated with affections of the various intellectual organs. If *Ideality* is affected, the patient fancies banks to exist whose capital is purely imaginary. Diseased *Imitation* impels him to produce fac similes of the notes of solvent banks, or to form in base metal imitations of the current coin of the land. An irregular action of *Constructiveness* impels him to fabricate documents commencing with the magic formula, "For value received, I promise to pay," and ending with the names of individuals whose bank-accounts are supposed to exhibit a balance on the credit side. For all these forms of Cleptomania arising from an affection of *Acquisitiveness*, complicated with disorders of the various intellectual organs, we propose the generic appellation of *Fraudomania*, to the utter abolition of the old designations of Swindling, Forging, Counterfeiting, and the like.

The exciting causes of *Cleptomania* are manifold. Locality and Occupation have much to do with the development of the disease. The atmosphere of Wall Street, for example, is very injurious. The site of the City Hall in New York seems to have been very injudiciously chosen, as it has been noticed that those who do business there are very liable to sudden and severe attacks. The State Capitol at Albany, and the National Capitol at Washington, are proverbially insalubrious in this respect. Among the occupations most conducive to this disease may be enumerated those of Member of Congress or of the Legislature, and Alderman or Head of Department in New York. These two last are very unhealthy; very few who engage in them wholly escaping. Collectors of Customs are liable to severe paroxysms, leading them in some cases to seclude themselves from their friends, and even to leave their native country. The disease has, of late, assumed the form of an epidemic among the officers of Railways, Banks, and other moneyed corporations both here and abroad.

The treatment of the different forms of moral insanity has been very varied. The English practitioners for a long time preferred the most powerful remedies known to the profession. The favorite prescription was a hempen ligature applied tightly to the neck. But this has been abandoned except in extreme cases, it having been found very inconvenient to the patient. Many cases were formerly treated with the pillory, accompanied with a copious exhibition of dead cats and addled eggs. Cropping of the ears has been prescribed for some forms of the disease. But for many years the practice has been gradually ameliorated. A complete change of residence and occupation has been tried, and with considerable success at the National Sanatorium at Botany Bay. Large establishments have also been erected at home for the cure of this disease, and the illustration at the head of this article may be taken as a type of the treatment adopted in England.

Our own practice has been, to a great extent, borrowed from that adopted abroad; and the mode of treatment heretofore pursued in the State institutions at Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton does not vary materially from that pursued in the English establishments. It consists mainly in secluding the patients from their former acquaintances, giving them regular and constant employment, and keeping a strict supervision over their conduct. That this mode of treatment has not been wholly unsuccessful may be fairly inferred from the fact that our late respected Governor recently discharged quite a number of very aggravated cases, on the ground, it may be presumed, of a total cure having been effected in a much shorter period than was anticipated by the authorities by whom they were "sent up."

There are not wanting, however, those who urge that the treatment at Sing Sing and elsewhere is altogether wrong. The learned gentlemen who gave special attention to the recent remarkable case of Mr. Huntington, protested vehemently against its application to him. Following out what we presume to be the judgment of such competent authorities, we have instructed our artist to prepare the preceding illustration of an entirely new system. Instead of clothing the sufferer in an odious garment, subjecting him to laborious occupation, and restricting him to prescribed diet, we would have him clothed like a gentleman, provided with sumptuous apartments and the daintiest fare, and furnished with the most agreeable society. Every effort should be made to amuse him, divert his attention from his unhappy condition, and make his time pass pleasantly. In a word, he should have all he wanted without the trouble of asking for it, much less the necessity of resorting to violent or fraudulent means of obtaining it. By this means it is more than probable that his diseased organs would soon regain their natural sound and healthy state.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Tractarianism in England.—It is now generally admitted in Europe and America, that what is called the Tractarian Movement in the Church of England was designed to un-Protestantize the State Church, and bring it back pretty much to the position of the Church before the Reformation, as it regards theological doctrines and public worship. Hence two classes of questions have arisen, the one touching doctrines, as, for instance, the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the manner of this presence; and Baptismal regeneration. The Tractarians have been defeated in the Court of Arches and in the Privy Council on all the doctrinal questions raised and adjudicated. The second class of questions raised has reference to public worship, involving partly the manner in which the minister may perform certain parts of it, but chiefly the presence and use of crucifixes, crosses, and lighted tapers in the church, in the chancel, and at the altar. Some of the Tractarian ministers in the church persist in using these in public worship, as the Roman Catholics do; and, in addition, claim the authority of the church for their practices. The consequence is, the parish is agitated, offended, and sometimes divided into two violent parties; the one for the crucifixes, crosses, and burning tapers, the other against them. These dissensions have led to legal processes. When brought to the highest courts for decision, the crucifixes, crosses, burning tapers, and credence-tables have been condemned, and the churchwardens empowered to remove them from the public worship, even against the wishes and remonstrances of the minister. Sir John Dodson, in the Arches Court, England, has lately given a very learned and lengthy opinion in the case of the Rev. Mr. Liddell, charged with Puseyite or Tractarian practices at St. Paul and St. Barnabas, Pimlico. The opinion of Sir John covers all the ground of the opinion of Dr. Lushington a year ago; and goes still farther into the general question, declaring that there is no statutory authority whatever for the use of these ornaments in the church. Sir John took occasion to say, that as these ornaments were not authorized by law, neither the countenance nor express approbation of the bishop could protect ministers in their use; and as it appeared that there were only thirteen churches out of the 4000 in the United Kingdom in which they were used, he had no difficulty in pronouncing against them. It will be a matter of surprise and joy to many to learn how few of the English state churches are implicated in these Puseyite practices in public worship.

Roman Catholicism in England.—It is evident that Roman Catholicism is gaining influence in England. The government manifests a disposition to treat the Roman Catholics with great fairness, if not with favor. The liberal grant of $150,000 a year to Maynooth College, in Ireland, where chiefly the Irish clergy are educated, is proof of this. We have further evidence, not only in the permission to the Roman Catholics to build monasteries in England, but farther in the proposition now pending to make, by order of Privy Council, a large grant of money, from the public treasury, to the Monastery of Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire, as a reformatory seminary. Against this last concession the Scottish Reformation Society have addressed to Lord Palmerston an earnest protest.

The Sunday Question in England.—The invention of steamboats and railroads offered the overworked inhabitants of populous manufacturing towns and cities an easy and cheap conveyance on Sunday morning to the country, where they might breathe the fresh air. This raised a question as to the sanctity of the Sabbath. The medical faculty, without discussing the theological aspects of the question, took the view that the people should go to the country on Sunday for *healthful* recreation. The beneficial results were said to be obvious, and led at once to the adoption, by those who held such views, of the Continental idea of the Sabbath, *i.e.*, that it is a day of recreation as well as of voluntary rest. Recently, the Government in England showed itself disposed to favor this idea. With its tacit consent, at least, music was provided on Sunday afternoon in some public places, for the recreation of the masses. This brought the question practically before the public, and it was submitted to the ordeal of public opinion. Thus far the government has been obliged to yield. In nearly every public meeting called on the question the British Protestant idea of the sanctity of the Sabbath has been maintained. This is encouraging. The same question is now being discussed on the Continent of Europe, but in an opposite direction. There the movement is made against the old historic idea that the Sabbath is a day of recreation. Many of the most wise and religious people are beginning to demand that the Sabbath day shall be kept holy. Some of the minor governments of Germany have taken steps in this direction; as have also some of the municipal bodies and commercial and artisan associations, and many associations of clergymen. But the state of public opinion on the Continent will not yet permit of enforcement of complete cessation from work on the Sabbath, the avoidance of all public amusements, and the entire sanctification of the day. The tendency in this direction, however, is gathering strength. Nothing is of more importance to the progress of religion and civilization on the Continent of Europe than the sanctification of the holy Sabbath. This would give rest to the minds and bodies of the people, and elevate their thoughts to spiritual and heavenly things.

The Gustavus Adolphus Association.—The progress of events indicates that a general struggle is at hand throughout the world between the Roman Catholic and Protestant forms of Christianity; a struggle in which fundamental doctrines and practices will be made the points at issue. The contest will, perhaps, be mainly of a moral character, involving the States, finally, only so far as the progress of political civilization is concerned. One of the most remarkable signs of this coming event is the formation of missionary associations in view of this very object. Among these, in Germany, the Gustavus Adolphus Association stands prominent. It is expressly designed for the spread and support of Protestantism in Catholic countries, and has rapidly gained in influence and pecuniary resources. Its income last year was 83,000 thalers. It has already branches in Holland, Sweden, France, and other countries; and promises to become the centre of a great Protestant union on the Continent of Europe. It has recently published a map showing every place where it has a branch, and where it has established and is supporting Protestant worship. It has congregations under its patronage in Sisal, Lisbon, and Constantinople, in Europe; in Beyroot and Smyrna, in Asia; in Algiers, in Africa; in Melbourne, in Australia; and in Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, in South America.

The Roman Catholics of Germany have founded a counter institution, under the title of *Bonifacius Association* for founding and supporting Catholic missions in Protestant countries. But although the Catholic population of Germany is 24,000,000 to 17,000,000 Protestants, the income of their association is not quite half as much as the income of the Protestant association.

Roman Catholicism in Norway.—As intimately connected with this same subject, and with the progress of religious toleration, we refer to what occurred in Protestant Norway in 1856. Six Catholic priests appeared in Norway, and made extensive purchases of property in the northern part of the kingdom. They proceeded to build a church and a seminary, with a view to converting the population. The government was about to restrain the movement of the priests, but the people, generally, strongly expressed a wish that they might be left at liberty. The clergy of the State Church, at a recent meeting at Christiana, expressed their approbation of the popular wish; and the consequence is, that the Roman Catholic priests are permitted to proceed in their enterprise. It may be noted as an opposite tendency, indicating the conflict which is going on in Europe on the question of religious liberty, that during the time of this movement for religious liberty in Norway, a Spanish citizen, De Mora, was imprisoned in his native country simply because he was suspected of being a Protestant. And yet, within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, there are many enlightened and liberal minds entertaining sentiments favorable to the enlargement of the circle of religious freedom. As an evidence of this, we note in the French papers the announcement of a history of the French Church, in twelve volumes, by the Abbé Guethé, approved by forty-six of the eighty-four French bishops, and yet condemned in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Pope. A provincial council of French bishops also condemned the history; but it is now ascertained pretty clearly that they had not read the work.

The Christian Populations in Turkey.—Since the termination of the Eastern war, the Christian populations in European Turkey have become more definitely informed of their numerical strength and political importance. The foreign continental papers speak of a deep and wide-spread desire, amounting to an open movement, among the several Christian nations in European Turkey, having in view a better organization of the several races. In Bulgaria a petition has been widely circulated and numerously signed, demanding a native Bulgarian for Governor of the country. Demands are also made for a native patriarch in the church, for national regiments, and for a Christian administration, and Christian judges. A desire to possess and read the Bible is manifesting itself, particularly in Bulgaria, in whose language a large edition of the Holy Scriptures is now being published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Connected with this desire for the Scriptures, is the expression of a strong confidence in Protestant missions, for which the Bulgarians have repeatedly applied to the mission at Constantinople. Similar symptoms are appearing in Bosnia and the other Danubian provinces. A French journal declares that a large portion of the lower clergy and the people have manifested a strong inclination to forsake the Greek Church and become Roman Catholics, if their metropolitan and higher clergy continue to proscribe their Sclavonian language and liturgy; and there is abundance of evidence that French Catholic emissaries are endeavoring, in many parts of European Turkey, to seduce the native Christian populations to forsake the Greek Church and accept communion in the Roman Catholic; and thus transfer their interests and influence from under the patronage of Russia to the patronage of France. For it is to be borne in mind, that in the Eastern world a man's political influence is always given in the direction of his religious faith.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Weeds.—Weeds rose when Adam fell—so, at least, theological agriculturists and agricultural theologians tell us. Whether this be so or not, certain it is that ever since the fall they have formed the greatest and most harassing obstacle to the success of the tiller of the soil; and where they are permitted to get the upper hand, are pretty sure to render all his labor nugatory, and destroy his crops.

Actual experiments prove that, in fields where the weeds are not kept under, there is a positive loss of at least one-fourth of the crop. As, for instance, an unweeded acre of wheat produced eighteen bushels, while an adjoining acre, kept free from weeds, yielded twenty-two and a half. An unweeded acre of barley produced only thirteen bushels, while an acre immediately adjoining produced twenty-eight. An acre of oats, plowed once, yielded seventeen bushels, while one plowed three times yielded twenty-seven.

We may sum up as follows the injuries done by weeds to the crop amidst which they are growing: They rob the growth with which they are mixed of some part of the food which the ground holds for the use of plants; they clog the ground; they keep air and light from the young seed; they injure the young crop seriously when there is high wind or heavy rain; they delay the process of harvesting, and, by so doing, increase the farmer's risk; and finally, the grain that has ripened under all these disadvantages is, in quality, inferior to that the growth of which was unincumbered with weeds.

But it is not only the weeds which grow *among* the crop which make work for the farmer. The chick-weed, the dock, the dandelion, the chamomile, poke-weed, mustard, and thistle, which fill his fence-corners, occupy his roadsides, encroach on the grass in his pasture, and from all these "points of departure" scatter their myriad seeds over the adjacent fields, will do as much injury to future crops as the *field* weeds of the present year did to the grain or roots over whose heads they flourished. And many a farmer who persistently plows under and pulls up the weeds he finds among his corn, potatoes, turnips, or carrots, as persistently leaves the growing weed-crop in his fence-corners, or along his roadside, unmolested; thus providing for himself and his "help" much hard work and vexation of spirit in ensuing seasons.

There are, doubtless, many to whom has never occurred the possibility of greatly lessening, if not totally exterminating, this evil. They have taken the farm-world as they found it, and contentedly work ahead, bearing up as well as may be under the many disadvantages which "the fall of Adam" entailed upon his soil-tilling descendants in particular. Yet is such a relief to the minds of order-loving farmers, to the backs and fingers of weed-picking urchins, and the growth of the field crops, quite possible. Possible—that is to say, with a united and continued effort on the part of an entire district: such a crusade as, beginning in one county, may spread to all contiguous counties and States, and in course of time arouse the entire agricultural community to act in concert for the destruction of these farm-pests.

Ireland at this time possesses a determined weed-hater, in the person of Mr. William Donnelly, the Registrar-General of Agricultural Statistics. This gentleman has prosecuted a war of extermination against his enemies with such vigor and thoroughness, that we think his proceedings will afford valuable hints for like operations in our own country. Mr. Donnelly has written to the judges, and convinced them of the wisdom of directing the attention of grand juries at assizes, and of county surveyors, to the great hurt resulting from the growth of weeds along the sides of public roads. He has caused the Irish Royal Agricultural Society to resolve, "That, as great injury arises to the farming classes in this country from the growth of weeds along the sides of public roads, whose seeds being allowed to ripen and shed are spread over the adjoining lands, a circular be immediately addressed to the grand juries of the several counties, soliciting them to give directions to the county surveyors to make it imperative upon road contractors to cut down and remove all weeds, more particularly thistles, docks, and rag-weeds, before the first of June, and at such other periods in the year as may prevent their injurious effects to the farmer."

Moreover, Mr. Donnelly addressed a circular upon this subject of weeds to the county surveyors throughout Ireland, asking them to seek authority from the grand juries to introduce into all road-contracts a clause compelling the contractors to keep the roads, footpaths, and fences clear of weeds. Another circular he addressed to the chairman and directors of all Irish railways, begging them to be so good as to give directions to have all weeds immediately removed which might be found growing on the sides, embankments, cuttings, and fences of the railways under their control. In a like spirit he addressed canal directors and commissioners of public works. In a like spirit he applied to the Poor Law Commission Office, and procured a note to all the Irish boards of guardians, suggesting that the children in the workhouse schools should be taught the injury arising from, and the necessity for destroying, weeds on the farms upon which, in after-life, they might be employed. In a like spirit, this determined *thistle-hater* wrote to the Commissioners of National Education, and caused them to instruct inspectors how to carry out the suggestion that the children in national schools should be trained by their respective teachers to see the necessity of destroying all weeds found on the farms of their parents, or on the highways thereto adjacent. He wrote, with like result, to the Irish Church Education Society; and so, by help of the two great educational bodies, hoped to put enmity to weeds into the minds of six hundred thousand members of the rising generation. Mr. Donnelly sent, also, circulars with a like purpose to the clergy of all denominations, and to every man of influence in Ireland. Doubtless, it was by the labors of Mr. Donnelly that the Lord Lieutenant was lately, when at the cattle-show in Athlone, stimulated to dwell on the importance of resisting any further occupation of the soil of Ireland by weeds.

Can not our agricultural societies find in these proceedings of Mr. Donnelly some hints for action in their own precincts? Will not some agricultural Peter the Hermit preach in this country a new crusade against weeds?

Experiments instituted and carried on in Prussia, at the expense of the government, for the purpose of determining the nature, and cause of, and remedy for the potato rot, seem to settle, for that country at least, the following points:

As to *color*, it was found on a trial of hundreds of varieties, that the white and yellow potatoes rotted most, the reds less by nearly one-half, and the blues not at all; although it is not to be inferred that the blues are always exempt.

As to *form*, it was found that of the *round* or roundish potatoes, about one-eighth of the varieties were diseased; of the long potatoes, in which were included only those whose length was twice their breadth, about one-fifth, a much larger proportion, were affected; and of the *kidney*-shaped none were diseased. It was found also, that early potatoes were less liable to disease than late ones—that those planted close, one foot apart each way, rotted more than those more open, one and a half by two feet apart, and that the wet portions of the field rotted more than the dry. It was further observed, in these experiments, that the varieties recently produced from the seed or balls were no more exempt than others from disease, and that fields planted consecutive years with potatoes were not more affected than those planted but one year, though the crop seems to have been depreciated in quantity and quality.

These are data with which to compare the results of observations carried on by societies and intelligent farmers in this country. No doubt difference in climate makes slight changes in the form and nature of the disease, but its general cause must be nearly the same; and a remedy or preventive successfully applied in one place, would doubtless prove more or less successful elsewhere.

When the ground is covered with snow, young fruit trees frequently suffer from the attacks of rabbits, mice, etc. A very simple, easy, cheap, and effectual protection, is to hollow out a polk stalk, split on one side, and fit it around the tree. It requires no tying. Another method, equally effectual is as follows:

Add one pound of tallow to two quarts of common tar, melt and mix thoroughly, and apply, while warm, with a paint brush, to the trunks of young trees, as high up as there is danger of their being gnawed. Make the application just before winter sets in; late in the fall will answer.

Here is a table showing the farmer what will be the cost to him of pork fattened by himself. It is based upon the assumption that 6¾ pounds of corn will produce 1 pound of pork. Of course the breed of hogs, differences of treatment, etc., will make actual results vary more or less from this table. Yet, with this before him, any farmer can, from his own observation and experience, make up a similar one for himself. With the knowledge which such a table of results will give him, he will know exactly in what manner to obtain the largest returns for his corn; or if fed by himself, will be able, without difficulty, to ascertain the lowest paying price at which he can afford to sell his pork. The labor of feeding and taking care of the hogs is not included in the following estimate: When corn costs 12½ cents per bushel, pork costs 1½ cents per pound. When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound. When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound. When corn costs 35 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound. When corn costs 42 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound. Again: When pork sells for 3 cents per pound, it brings 25 cents per bushel for corn. When pork sells for 4 cents per pound, it brings 33 cents per bushel for corn. When pork sells for 5 cents per pound, it brings 42 cents per bushel for corn. When pork sells for 6 cents per pound, it brings 50 cents per bushel for corn.

Oranges are now, we understand, grown in Georgia; and the fruit raised is of very fine quality. There is no good reason why the orange, the lemon, and the almond should not be raised in large quantities in Florida. The soil and climate are both alike favorable to the growth of these fruits.

Dairymen state that, on an average and the season through, the cream from fourteen quarts of milk is required to make a pound of butter. One who feeds pumpkins largely to his dairy cows, claims that with this food, nine quarts of milk yield a pound of butter. Farmers and dairymen who have tried feeding pumpkins, state that there is invariably a large increase in butter and cheese. As pumpkins can be raised at small expense, there is no reason why they should not become a profitable article of feed for cows.

THE prairies of Illinois seem to afford in abundance every thing necessary to man's comfort, except *fuel*. Wood and coal being scarce and high-priced, it appears that many farmers find it both agreeable and profitable to burn *corn in the ear*. The dollar-and-cent view is thus stated:

Wood and coal at the door cost $6 50 per cord, or $6 50 per ton. Corn, seventy-five pounds, is worth in market twenty-five cents, at home twenty. A bushel will burn nearly or quite as long as a bushel of coal, or wood of corresponding value. Thus, in point of expense, the figures incline to the side of corn at present prices. They need a railroad in that region.

CARROTS, which have been found so valuable as food for horses and cows, seem equally useful, when boiled and mixed with corn-meal, as food for swine. Feeders who have tried, state that when mixed in the proportion of a bushel of carrots to half a peck of meal, hogs will eat them greedily, and fatten upon the mixture as quickly, if not more so, than on pure meal.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ALUMINUM is the scientific name for common clay. From the common clay an eminent French chemist found he could obtain a metal, white like silver, but of less specific gravity, and this he called aluminum. Since then, chemists in various parts of Europe and America have been experimenting on the same substance with the object of discovering some mode by which the new metal might be obtained in considerable quantities, and at a cost so much below the price of silver as to enable it successfully to supersede that metal. M. Lille, of Paris, has lately announced his discovery of a process by which aluminum may be obtained at a cost per ounce no higher than silver; and, as it has only one-fourth the specific gravity of silver, it follows that for domestic purposes it would be four times as cheap. Besides the metal thus obtained and crystals of soda, the residuum yields a clay that may be used by calico-printers instead of the compound of alum and sugar of lead to which they now have recourse. To put this new process to the test, a ship's cargo of cryolite (the especial kind of clay used by M. Lille) has just been brought from Arksut, on the coast of Greenland. Should this attempt to manufacture aluminum on a large scale prove successful, large supplies of the mineral can be obtained from the same place, the deposit being almost inexhaustible. If the new metal really becomes an article of household use, we would suggest the propriety of giving it another and easier name.

THE BLUE RIDGE OF VIRGINIA TUNNELED.—This was accomplished a few weeks since. A Staunton, Virginia, paper says that the calculations were so accurately made that the auger-holes from both ends of the tunnel were only half an inch distant from each other when they met, and the difference in the length of the tunnel, as compared by measurement on the outside over the top of the mountain, and as accurately measured inside after the perforation, was less than six inches.

THE LAST IMAGE ON THE EYE.—The discovery that the last image formed on the retina of the eye of a dying person remains impressed upon it, as on a daguerrean plate, has lately attracted much attention both in this country and in Europe. If the premises are borne out by proper evidence, the discovery would tend largely to promote the cause of criminal jurisprudence, and would therefore be regarded as of the highest importance. The results of divers experiments have been published, and if they are as successful as is contended, we wonder why the matter is not more thoroughly sifted by scientific men. The pretension is, that if the last object seen by a murdered person was his murderer, the portrait drawn upon the eye would remain a fearful witness in death to detect the guilty and lead to his conviction. The following is the published account of the eye of J. H. Beardsley, who was murdered some time ago in Auburn, and corresponds with experiments made elsewhere. It will bear repetition. "At first," says the report, "we suggested the saturation of the eye in a weak solution of atrophine, which produced an enlarged state of the pupil. On observing this, we touched the end of the optic nerve with the extract, when the eye instantly became protuberant. We now applied a powerful lens, and discovered, in the pupil, the rude, worn-away figure of a man, with a light coat, beside whom was a round stone, standing or suspended in the air, with a small handle stuck, as it were, in the earth. The remainder was debris, evidently lost from the destruction of the optic, and its separation from the mother brain. Had we performed this operation when the eye was entire in the socket, with all its powerful connection with the brain, there is not the least doubt but that we should have detected the last idea and impression made on the mind and eye of the unfortunate man. The thing would be entire; and perhaps we should have had the contour, or better still, the exact figure of the murderer. The last impression before death is always more terrible on the brain from fear than any other cause, and figures impressed on the pupil more distinct, which we attribute to the largeness of the optic nerve, and its free communication with the brain."

A CURIOUS FACT is mentioned in the Australian papers. It is alleged that in Adelaide the fall of rain is increasing in proportion to the peopling and settling of the colony. The reverse is said to be the case in California.

COMPRESSED ELECTRICITY, it is reported, has been employed for mechanical purposes, with complete success, at Vincennes, France. Among other experiments, a small mortar was discharged at the rate of one hundred shots a minute, without noise, smoke, or even the electric flash.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HUMAN FORM is styled a new science, and is attracting attention in Europe. The theory is that the body indicates, in a great degree, the quality and characteristics of the mind—that the whole human frame, if studied carefully in detail, is as indicative of the character of a man as it is of speed and bottom in a horse.

THE SALT WORKS ON THE ISLAND OF CARMEN, in Lower California, prove to be very valuable. The island is rented to a company of Mexicans and foreigners for eighteen years, and vessels going there for the purpose of loading with salt, are free from all duties. Samples of this salt are pronounced in nowise inferior to the article manufactured at the Salina works of Syracuse, New York. California will now be supplied with the great bulk of this indispensable commodity either from the Island of Carmen or San José, both of which lie in the Gulf of California.

THE RIFLE PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO A CANNON.—A gentleman in Alabama claims to have accomplished this object. The cannon is bored like a rifle barrel, and a ball, composed of cast and wrought iron combined, is used. The results claimed for the invention are an increase of range and accuracy in the fire of artillery.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Do you see that little wee bit of a child, running about the grass in front of the farm-house?

She has shoulders and arms that rival the snow. Round auburn curls cluster about her pretty head, and her large hazel eyes are like gems of light. Her rosy lips look sweet enough to bite; and the little teeth behind them would grace a crown, they are so pearly.

That little child is Mary—our Mary! She is only two years old, but she knows as much as any body, and talks very long words.

She was born in that house, and I wish she might never leave it as long as she lives; the air about it is so odorous of pine and fresh hay that the frailest might thrive there.

Now a lady comes to the door, and seeing her pet so happy, she sits upon the step to watch her, with a smile on her face and love in her heart.

Oh Mary! sweet Mary! why are you so like a little angel? Why do those dark eyes speak deeper, fuller words than your red lips can utter? Do the spirits covet thee in Paradise? Is it a foretelling of happiness in store, that makes thy face so wonderfully bright?

God only knows.

Now let us run and have a frolic with her.

Hark! Hear her merry shout as she sees us coming so fast.

Here we are, Mary! We shall catch you in a minute! *Now* I have her! toss her up, throw her on the hay—now! Oh, what fun! "More? more?" Well, there she flies again! Now we will sit on the step by mamma. What nice hugs and kisses, and what a balmy breath! Now she is sleepy—her bright head droops upon my shoulder—she sleeps. I must lay the sweet blessing in her crib. Now look at her—you can not see the lustrous eyes; but did ever you see longer lashes? They almost lie upon her peachy cheek.

Can we doubt that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Our Mary sleeps. She is lying—not in her crib—ah no! It is a narrower bed. Her dimpled hands are crossed upon her breast, and roses and everlastings are placed between her fingers. Her lashes now sweep a cheek no longer blooming, but cold and pale like marble. Put your hand upon her heart—it does not beat. Press your lips upon her mouth—it does not return the pressure.

Strangers enter, and take the little form silently away from the weeping mourners, and lay it in a garden where many other little caskets are left, alone.

Is it in the sweet hay-scented field, where we first saw her?

No, no; she lies in a distant land, away from the scene of her pretty sports; but her *living spirit* dwells where angels hold her in their loving arms—where her bright face told us she would go ere long—in the still sweeter fields of Paradise. Truly, "Of such is the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

CALUMET ISLAND.

WHAT Gibbet Street is to the thieves of London the backwoods of Canada are to the riff-raff population of the entire world—a home. In those vast forests are to be found men from every European country, and speaking every variety of dialect; men whose sole object is to obtain the means of existence far away from the homes of their youth, from places where they might be recognized, from people who might know something, and care to know more, of their antecedents. There, in those vast solitudes, spending their days in felling trees, and in forming the huge logs into rafts which are floated down the majestic Ottawa, you will find fallen types of almost every nationality. From our own country you will see the big, burly "rough," with his receding forehead, sunken eyes, and heavy, massive jaw, side by side with the wan, dissipated-looking merchant's clerk, the warrant for whose apprehension for forgery is even now preserved in the desk of Daniel Forrester or among the archives of the detective police. There, too, are black-bearded bright-eyed Frenchmen, ardent devotees of the barricades and the *bonnets-rouges*; short, stout, fair-haired Germans, friends of the deceased Robert Blum and subscribers to Freiligrath's poems; olive-skinned Italians, whose real history would be a fortune to the English penny-romancer; swarthy Spaniards, whose dislike to a return to their native country can be accounted for, some on Carlist reasons, others on account of their unfortunate partiality for the West Indian traffic, with a passing allusion to three hundred negroes in the hold of a slave-ship; lying Greeks, and even renegade Turks. In intense bodily labor, in the bitterest fatigue, these men seek mental oblivion, the forgetfulness of past crime, or dread of future discovery; there, the knowledge of companionship in misery checks all indiscreet inquiry, and the daily task is performed, the residue of life worn out, and the grave attained, without the lifting of that vail which covers all by-gone misdeeds with its solemn folds.

The little town of Bytown, even now risen to be called the City of the Ottawa—and, from its position as the central medium for traffic between the States and Canada, destined to be soon one of the principal cities of the colony—is, perhaps, the only recognized haunt of men in which these wild tribes are ever to be seen. Thither, they are compelled occasionally to come; there, is the great dépôt whence they supply themselves with provisions to last them during their protracted exile; there, they effect their engagements with the various large timber and raft owners by whom they are employed; and there, on Bytown wharf, some hundred of them were standing on a bright July morning, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, when I, being at that time engaged in Canada in the civil service of her Majesty, lounged in among them.

The entrance of a stranger into such an assembly never passes unnoticed; and as I moved among the different groups every head was raised, my personal appearance was scanned by all, and made the subject of free comment by many of them. I waited for nearly an hour, puffing my cigar and listening to the loud laughter, the noisy altercation, and the queer jargon of the people round me, and was almost lapsing into a curious day-dream relative to their previous and future career, when I was aroused by a man who appeared to hold some superior position among them, and who ordered them at once to prepare to start. The instant I set eyes upon this man, I recognized his features, and a painful sensation that we had met before, and under unpleasant circumstances, came over me. He was young, handsome, and, in spite of his rough costume, looked like a gentleman; his hands, too, though tanned by the sun, were well-shaped; and, as he pointed toward the river, I noticed on his little finger a thin hoop of gold, like the guard-rings worn by women, which must have been there some time, as the flesh seemed to have tightened beneath it. I could not recollect who he was, nor where I had seen him. I looked again; and, as I stood with open mouth and eyes, gazing at him, he turned sharply round, and our eyes met. But for an instant though; for, flushing scarlet, he turned on his heel, and, followed by a body of the lumberers, strode rapidly away.

To a person of nervous temperament like myself, such a circumstance was particularly unpleasant. It was plain that the recognition between this man and me had been mutual, and it was equally evident that he too must have had some unpleasant recollection of our former acquaintance; or why should he have hurried away so abruptly? Who could he be? I worried myself with this question all day; and, when I went to bed at night, turned over incident after incident of my past life, but could connect that face with none of them. Where had we met, and what made the recollection painful? Could he have been at school with me at Lowebarre, and, as a monitor, have thrashed, and bullied, and tortured me? No; no one did that but Gandler, and I knew that Gandler was then a drysalter in Cripplegate. Could he have been with me at Bonn, and did we quarrel and go out to Poppelsdorf and have it out with short-swords? No; Leisten was my only opponent in that way, and he is dead, poor fellow! Had he stood in my way in love, in business, in pleasure? Was he an editor who had refused my contributions, a lawyer who had sued me on a writ, a rival joker and diner-out in society? He was none of these.

I was up early the next morning, and off on my journey to Calumet Island, a small settlement of French Canadians, Americans, and Irishmen, some fifty miles further toward the source of the Ottawa. As I proceeded on my monotonous route my brain once more fell to work, trying to solve the mystery of the previous day. Passing through the little village of Clarendon, I was surprised to find the one main street thronged by the inhabitants all dressed in holiday costume, and I found, on inquiry, that they were assembling to witness the laying of the first log of a new church. Of course I stopped to see the ceremony, which was performed by the village clergyman; a fine white-haired old man, who invoked a fervent blessing on the undertaking. I had no sooner resumed my journey than suddenly the whole story of my mysterious acquaintance flashed across me. I am not sufficiently versed in metaphysics or the subtler theories of mental pathology to explain how this occurred; my belief is that the sight of the clergyman and of the gayly-dressed villagers re-awakened the slumbering reminiscence, and solved the mystery.

Three years previously, after a long and dangerous illness, I had been removed to a sea-side watering-place in Wales, which I shall call Plenmouth. Watering-place? It did not, in truth, deserve the name. There were no parades, esplanades, terraces, crescents, no hotels all stucco and plate-glass, no boarding-houses all ancient single lady and three-card loo; there were no yachting-men, no dread-noughts, and pea-jackets, no telescopes, no mushroom hats, no yellow slippers, no small wooden spades, no invalid chairs, no half-crown-an-hour flys, no German bands, no goat chaises, no donkeys—nothing which we Londoners recognize as the characteristics of a well-conditioned watering-place. But there was pure air, a fine open sea, good bathing, and—what was most essential to a person in my condition—perfect quiet. There, in walking, swimming, reading, and writing, I passed three very happy weeks. At the end of this time I made the acquaintance of the clergyman of the parish. With him, and with his wife and daughter, I was soon on excellent terms, and I should probably have become more intimate, but that the attention of the family was entirely absorbed in an approaching event—the marriage of the young lady to a Mr. Hugh Elvyn, the son of the principal partner in a London banking firm. The wedding was to take place within a fortnight after my first introduction to them. She was a girl full of animal spirits, and apparently madly in love with her future husband, whom she had met the previous season in London while on a visit to her aunt, and about whom she was never tired of talking. The wedding-day was fixed for Thursday, and Hugh was coming down on the Tuesday night, and I should be introduced to him, and we should like each other so much; and, after their marriage, I should come and stay with them at the villa at Richmond which Hugh's father had given them, and so on, and so on, until I began rather to be bored by the constant repetition of Hugh's name, and to preconceive a dislike of him.

The long-looked-for Tuesday night arrived. I dined at the parsonage, and we sat anxiously until the last train had come in, but Mr. Elvyn did not come by it. The Wednesday morning passed, and it was not until late in the afternoon of that day that the Elvyns, father and son, arrived at Plenmouth. I walked up to the parsonage in the evening, aud was introduced to them, and then learned that their departure from town had been delayed owing to the discovery of some heavy forgeries on the bank, which had been first communicated to the firm through an anonymous letter, the writer of which promised, in the event of certain unnamed events happening, as it was believed they would, to name the forger. My preconceived dislike to Mr. Hugh Elvyn was not done away with by his personal appearance or manner. He was very good-looking, certainly, tall, well-made, and with fine black hair and teeth. But his eyes were set very deeply in his head; he had a shifting, unsettled glance, never looking up into your face, and his manner, even toward Annie Vaughan, his betrothed, was nervous and constrained.

The next morning all the inhabitants were dressed in their best; the three bells of the church tried their utmost to make a merry peal; and, as the bridal party advanced, young girls strewed flowers in their path.

I joined the party at the church door. Mr. Vaughan, who was about to perform the service himself, hurried before us to put on his robes; and we had just formed in a semicircle round the altar rails, when a tall, thin man, dressed in a tightly-buttoned blue frock-coat, advanced. I recognized him at once as a "plain-clothes" member of the metropolitan police, who, the year before, had been instrumental in regaining some papers which I had lost. He stepped forward, and bowing to the elder Mr. Elvyn, gave him "Good-morning!"

"Hollo, Martin!" said the old gentleman; "followed me here! News already?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the man. "If you and the young gent 'll just step outside with me, I've a word to say to you."

"Wait until the ceremony's over," said the old gentleman; but, on being urged, and told it "wouldn't take a minute," he passed his arm through his son's, and they went out into the porch.

I followed him closely; and no sooner were we clear of the church than Martin said, "Very disagreeable this, Sir, but business is business." Then turning to Hugh Elvyn, he added, as he gripped him by the elbow, "Sir, you're my prisoner!"

I never shall forget the abject look of mingled rage and despair that passed across the young man's face as he heard these words. As for the father, he stood perfectly aghast; and it was some moments before he muttered, "What does this mean?"

"Only this, Sir," replied Martin. "A second anonymous letter, in the same handwriting as the first, came to the bank after you left on Tuesday night; and, according to your instructions, I opened it. It named Mr. Hugh Elvyn as the forger of the documents, and the writer gave an address where further proofs could be found. I went there at once, and saw the writer of the letter, heard certain evidence, and took the party to Bow Street. Upon what she stated under her oath, the magistrate issued a warrant, which I've got in my pocket now."

"She!" exclaimed the father. "Was it a woman, then?"

"It was, Sir!" responded Martin, briefly. "Ellen Monroe by name."

The young man groaned, and clasped his hands across his face. "Tell me, what did she say?"

"About you, Sir?" replied Martin, carefully blinking the evidence. "She says, 'Hugh Elvyn,' says she, 'have ruined me, now I'll do the same by him.' Those was her words."

By this time the rest of the company came hastening from the church to tell us that Mr. Vaughan was waiting for the bridegroom, and laughingly to reproach him for one moment's absence on such an occasion. Of course, the dreadful news had to be told to them; and it is needless to describe the scene that followed. One only person retained the smallest self-possession, and that was Annie Vaughan. She made no boisterous declaration of her belief in her lover's innocence—no melodramatic ranting or swooning; but, after the first shock was over, she walked up to his side, and, placing her hand in his, said, "Hugh, I know you are not guilty of this wickedness, and I know that you will be proved innocent. We will bide our time."

This catastrophe was, of course, the finale of my visit to Plenmouth. As soon as I found that I could be of no use to the Vaughans, I returned to London; and, six weeks afterward, was in the Central Criminal Court, when Hugh Elvyn was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to transportation for life. The principal witness against him was a young woman who, after having been the repository of all his secrets, was deserted by him and left to starve. Of the Vaughans I could learn nothing beyond that, immediately after the trial, Mr. Vaughan had exchanged livings with a clergyman in the farthest part of Lancashire, and that Annie was supposed, by the Plenmouth doctor, to be in a rapid decline.

This man, then, on Bytown wharf, this lumberer, this mysterious personage, the recognition of whose identity had so perplexed me, was Hugh Elvyn! He must have escaped from the place of his banishment and found a home here among hundreds of others similarly circumstanced. As the notion grew upon me, all the old recollections came flowing through my mind. I saw the little fishing-town, and the market so redolent of shrimps and herrings, the jolly little ale-house where I lodged, with its sanded floor and those perpetual choruses on Saturday nights. I saw the worm-eaten, sea-besoaked jetty; the huge, hard-drinking, hard-handed, soft-hearted fishermen; the church with its worn gray tower, its wooden tombstones and quaint epitaphs; the parsonage with its smiling garden, the delicious smell of flowers always hanging round its porch, and its simple-minded, hospitable owner. I thought of Annie, and—but that is no matter! In the calm reflection of after years I often fancy that I had other causes of dislike to Hugh Elvyn beyond those I have here mentioned. Revolving all these matters in my mind, I arrived at Calumet Island and walked into the public room of the hotel. At the further end of the apartment was a large counter or bar, at which several people were drinking; among them, and recognizable at once by his height and manner, was Hugh Elvyn. I had scarcely set foot in the room when he saw me, our eyes met, and, hastily tossing off his liquor, he hurried out through a door opposite to that by which I had entered.

I was now convinced of the accuracy of my conjecture and of Elvyn's determination to avoid me; but I determined not to be baffled in my attempts to learn something more of his history. I accordingly mixed with the lumberers still surrounding the bar and endeavored to draw them into conversation. In this attempt I am bound to say I signally failed; so far, at least, as my object was concerned. They talked freely of the weather, of the prospects of the ice breaking up, and of that grand topic in which all dwellers in Canada are interested—the annexation question; but of themselves, or of their recent companion, whose name I casually mentioned, they would say nothing. One by one they dropped out of the room: at last I drew a table to the window, pulled out my traveling-case, and commenced writing a business dispatch. I had been at work about half an hour, when a shadow falling across the paper caused me to raise my head, and, looking up, I saw an Indian squaw, who, after glancing cautiously round, threw a letter upon the table, pressed her finger on her lip, and retired as mysteriously as she arrived. Immediately on her departure I took up the letter, broke the seal and read as follows:

I thought I had escaped pursuit, and that I might linger out the remainder of my wretched life, alone, unsuspected, and unknown. When, having eluded the vigilance of those to whom my crimes had consigned me, I managed, after enduring the greatest hardships, to reach these solitudes, I fancied that the overhanging sword of the Avenging Angel had at length been turned aside, and that I might be allowed to die without ever encountering a face which I had seen before, or hearing the name which I had borne in happier times. It seems, however, that this is not to be, and that you have discovered my retreat. I saw you yesterday on Bytown wharf, to-night I find you have traced me further. What your intentions may be, I know not. You have come, perhaps, to deliver me into the hands of the law, from which I have escaped; perhaps, some better motive prompts your pursuit. All is however useless, no amount of toil, hunger, or misery (and Heaven knows I have endured all these!) would appall me, but I could not endure once more to be pointed at as a felon, or even to be seen or spoken to by any one who had known me in my former condition. On this side the grave, at least, I will be free from interference or reproach. H. E.

That night I retired to bed more disturbed than ever, and only determined upon one point, that I would pursue my investigations no further. I could be of no assistance to this unhappy man, and no mere verbal consolation would have been of any benefit to him; my best plan was to try to forget the events of the last two days, and never to allow Elvyn's name or history to pass my lips. After a seemingly never-ending night spent in feverish tossings and tumblings, with occasional snatches of perturbed sleep, I rose with the first glimmer of daylight, and hurried out into the fresh morning air.

On issuing from the door of the inn, my attention was attracted by a group of people on the river bank, who were gathered round some dark object which had apparently been just landed from an Indian canoe lying near. As I approached, the group divided; and there, in the centre of it, dank and dripping, discolored and contused by the snags against which, in the rapid flow of the river, it had been tossed, and with a small punctured wound in the chest, round which the blood had clogged, lay the body of Hugh Elvyn.

Horror-stricken, I inquired of the by-standers, and was soon made acquainted with all they had to tell. A young Indian, attached to one of the lumbering parties, had for some time suspected the existence of an intrigue between his wife and Elvyn; on the previous evening he had seen them continually together, had tracked her to the inn whither she had been sent with my letter, and then had been heard to vow vengeance against his betrayer. Late that night Elvyn was perceived, in a half-intoxicated state, making his way toward the shanty, at the edge of the river: he was never seen alive again. The Indian had decamped, and, so far as I know, was never captured. My business was urgent, and I could stay no longer. Wearied and dispirited I returned to the inn, and in a few minutes bade adieu forever to Calumet Island.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

RABELAIS had written some sensible pieces which the world had passed by with indifference. "I will write something," said he, "that they will take notice of." And so he sat down to writing nonsense.

Campbell, the poet, was asked by a lady to write something original in her album. He wrote,

An original something, dear maid, you would win me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin.

"Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Arrah! musha, yer Worship, how can I tell till I hear the ividence?"

The *Portland Advertiser* says that there are five thousand *Spiritualists* in that city. The more's the pity.

Sir Walter Scott never wrote truer words than these—none that are better fitted to bind the human family in ties of brotherhood: "The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.

Macdonald Clarke, the mad poet, lies in Greenwood. While he was alive and in this city, he was criticised by a certain writer, who applied the term *zigzag* to the poet's brains. Clarke wished to reply, and being restricted to four lines, perpetrated these:

I will tell, Johnny—in the way of a laugh—
Since he's dragged my name into his pen-and-ink scrawl,
That most people think it is better by half
To have brains that are zigzag than no brains at all!

The Bishop of Moray, in England, has started the opinion that Noah founded the Chinese Empire. Others have supposed that Noah first introduced salt provisions into the navy, as he took *Ham* into the ark; and there is no doubt that he invented sweetmeats, as nearly all he carried were "preserved pairs."

"That, Sir, is the spirit of the Press," said Mrs. Bigelow, as she handed a glass of cider to her neighbor, Mr. Brown. We have often found something stronger than cider in the spirit of the Press.

The child that refused to kiss its father on his return from California, because it couldn't see any place to kiss, was recently caught up by a bearded gent, and the little fellow, looking at him, asked, anxiously, "Can you talk? 'cause I can't see any mouth for talk to come out of."

Every thing depends on the form of expression. For instance:

"I wish to know, Sir, if you called me an ass?"

"Yes, Sir, but I qualified it."

"Aha, Sir, you qualified it, did you; the better for you, Sir; and pray how did you qualify it?"

"I said you were an ass, all but the ears."

Mr. Jesse Harbor, of Concord, Ohio, is the father of thirty children—thirteen the children of his first wife, seventeen of the second. This is, literally, the tribe of *Jesse*, and his house ought to be a Snug *Harbor*, and it is well they live in *Concord*.

"Wake up and pay for your *lodgings*," said the deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution-box last Sunday.

Rachel, the artist of the theatre, has ordered a barge, in the style of Cleopatra's boats, with which the former seller of *bonbons* in the streets of Paris will luxuriate among the crocodiles of the Nile.

"Dennis, darlint; och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I's trying an ixpariment." "Murder! what is it?" "It's mesilf that's giving *hot wather* to the hens, so they'll lay *bil'd aigs!*"

"I don't care so much about the bugs," said Mr. Wormley to the head of the genteel private boarding-house in which he dwells; "but the fact is, madam, I ha'n't *got the blood to spare*; you see that yourself."

"I'm very ill," said Skinflint, once essaying
To get a doctor's counsel without paying.
"I see it," quoth the wily old physician;
"You're in a most deplorable condition."
"But tell me," cried the miser, "for God's sake,
Tell me, dear doctor, what I ought to take!"
"Take! as to that—why—take, at any price,"
Replied the leech, "*take medical advice!*"

A companionable woman is always pretty. Beauty catches fools, even if it has no sense with it; but good sense without beauty, and with a sweet spirit, always wins respect, admiration, and love. "She looks well until she speaks," is often whispered among men in the very atmosphere of beauty.

Better trust and be deceived,
And weep this trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! this mocking world—too fast
The doubting friend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

The editor of the *Norwalk Gazette* has lost a faithful and notable old horse, which the editor says was reputed to "know more than half the people in Norwalk." A very intelligent horse, or a very dumb population.

The jail of Klamata County, California, is a live-oak tree, with a chain and staple attached. It is well ventilated, and affords a good opportunity, in addition to its reformatory and penal properties, for the study of astronomy.

A little miff between Charles and Letitia might have broken off the match between the father of Napoleon and the mother of that man whose birth was one of the greatest events in the world's history. Moralizing on this, some one says, "And just suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve? What then?" Sure enough, what then?

And a modern poet thinks it might have happened thus:

Oh, Adam! had Eve's lovely form
First rose before thy ravish'd eyes
In all the present "fashions" deck'd,
Thou hadst been scared from Paradise.

Johnson said, and said truly, it is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

Bishop Hall hath written, "I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a wrong than offer one. I will rather suffer a hundred than inflict one. I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness."

A pedagogue, provoked at the dullness of a pupil, instead of coaxing him along, boxed his ears, and demanded of him how long a man could live without brains. The boy meekly replied, "I don't know; how long have you lived yourself, Sir?"

Cotton Mather said of the Rev. Mr. Neuman, "He is a very lively preacher, and a very *preaching liver*."

Teeth are generally like verbs; regular, irregular, or defective.

When Nat Lee was on the verge of madness, a poor poet twitted him, by saying it was very easy to write like a madman. "No," said Lee, "it is very difficult to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

The following brief but pithy correspondence passed between the editor of the *London Quarterly Review* and a well-known writer:

Mr. Gifford to Mr. Hazlitt.

"What we read from your pen we remember no more."

Mr. Hazlitt to Mr. Gifford.

"What we read from your pen we remember before."

A pair of brave fellows, indeed, were Berkeley Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage. The former, getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old man, and said, "Your age protects you;" while Alvanley, who had advanced toward the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned away from him, saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you."

Bill Swilling was sent to jail for habitual drunkenness. One of his old cronies was asked, "Why don't you bail him out?" "*Bale* him out!" he replied; "why, man, you couldn't *pump* him out."

A young farmer in Devonshire, England, was recently sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor for attempting to catch a hare on land rented by his father.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Tuesday, Jan.* 27, 1857.

The cold weather, together with the great quantity of snow in the streets, and of ice in the harbor, operated against a vigorous traffic during the past week. Early in the week favorable European news came to hand, and served to increase the confidence of owners of most kinds of produce. By the *Persia*, which arrived on Saturday, the advices were less encouraging, and their influence proves injurious to sellers. Western Canal Flour closes at $6 25 @ $7 10 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 70 @ $9 00 for extra brands; and Southern Flour at $6 90 @ $9 00 for low mixed to choice extra, per barrel; but the demand is tame, and prices favor buyers. In Wheat, Corn, and Oats the week's movements have been restricted, but the prevailing currency does not differ materially from last week's closing rates. Cotton was in lively demand, and advanced ⅛c. per pound, prior to yesterday, when there appeared less activity and buoyancy in the trade. Middling Uplands leave off at 13¼; do. Gulfs, at 13¾ @ 13½c. per pound. Provisions attracted more attention at firmer prices. Mess Pork is now worth $20 00 @ $21 00; Prime Pork, $18 00; Country Mess Beef, $10 50 @ $13 00; do. Prime do., $9 50 @ $10 25; Prime Lard, in barrels, 12¾ c. per pound. Groceries ruled rather quiet, yet very firm. Hay is scarce and needed, at $1 00 @ $1 25 per 100 pounds. Rice is somewhat brisker, though not dearer. An improved inquiry exists for Tobacco, at very full rates. Wool is in light supply and demand, at unchanged figures. Freights are tame. For Liverpool, Flour is at 2s. 3d. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Grain at 6½d. @ 7½d. per bushel; Cotton, 5/16d. @ ⅜d. per pound; and Heavy Goods at 25s. per ton.

The editors of the New York *Shipping and Commercial List* have published their annual statements of the Coffee, Molasses, and Sugar trade of the United States (exclusive of California and Oregon) for 1856. The statement of the Coffee trade for 1856 makes the total receipts of Coffee in the United States, for the year ending December 31, 1856, 1,678,902 packages, weighing 236,943,150 pounds, against receipts in 1855 of 1,704,857 packages, weighing 238,214,533 pounds; and the total consumption in 1856, 218,228,490 pounds, against a consumption in 1855 of 210,378,287 pounds, being an increase of 7,850,203 pounds, or 3.73 per cent. The total export from the United States was 67,733 bags, weighing 8,750,600 pounds, in 1856, against 118,544 bags in 1855. The statement of the Molasses trade for 1856, sums up: the receipts of Foreign Molasses in the United States for year ending December 31, 1856, at 25,035,724 gallons, against total receipts in 1855 of 24,152,446 gallons; and the total consumption of this description in 1856 at 23,014,878 gallons, against a consumption of Foreign in 1855 of 23,533,423 gallons, being a decrease in the consumption of Foreign in 1856, as compared with 1855, of 2.20 per cent. The total consumption of Foreign and Domestic in 1856 was 39,608,878 gallons, against a consumption in 1855 of 47,266,085 gallons, a falling off in 1856 of 7,657,207 gallons, or the large decrease of 16.20 per cent. The statement of the Sugar trade for 1856, represents the total receipts of Foreign Cane Sugar in the United States as 275,662 tons of 2,240 pounds in 1856, against 205,064 tons of 2,240 pounds in 1855; the total consumption of Foreign Cane Sugar as 255,292 tons of 2,240 pounds, 1856, against 192,607 tons of 2,240 pounds in 1855; and the total consumption of Foreign and Domestic Cane Sugar in the United States as 378,760 tons of 2,240 pounds, 1856, against 377,752 tons of 2,240 pounds in 1855.

As we anticipated, a curtailed supply of animals appeared in the Live Stock Market, and sellers had every existing advantage, but the demand was not brisk. The week's receipts, as shown by the returns from the principal markets, did not exceed 2197 Beeves, 189 Milch Cows, 369 Veal Calves, 5619 Sheep and Lambs, and 413 Swine, against 3735 Beeves, 246 Milch Cows, 423 Veal Calves, 9521 Sheep and Lambs, and 1394 Swine, the previous week. The Forty-fourth Street Market quotations for Beeves last Wednesday ranged from 8½c. for the poorest to 12½c. for premium cattle—the general average, according to returns of sales, being 10c., or about ½c. per pound over the average rate of the previous week. Milch Cows with Calves by their side were less abundant, and all of good quality were in fair request at former full rates. Veal Calves were also in reduced supply and pretty good demand, mostly at from 5½c. @ 7½c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were quite scarce, and 50c. @ 75c. per head dearer, though not very freely dealt in. Swine were salable and very firm, with only a moderate quantity offered. Live, 6¾c. @ 7¼c., dressed, 8¾c. @ 9½c. per pound.

The Country Produce market was meagerly stocked, supplies having been kept back by severe weather. The demand was restricted, yet prices tended towards a higher range.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel...	$2 00	@	$3 50
" good to extra, per barrel....	$3 50	@	$5 25
" Dried, State, per pound.....	9½	@	10½
" " Southern, per pound.	6	@	9
Cranberries, per barrel..........	$10 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound..........	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel..........	$2 00	@	$2 25
Potatoes, per barrel..........	$1 75	@	$3 75
Onions, Red, per barrel..........	$1 75	@	$1 87½
" Yellow, per barrel..........	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel..........	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings..........	$3 50	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100..........	$12 00	@	$18 00
Washed Carrots, per barrel..........	$1 50	@	—
Beets, per barrel..........	$2 00	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel..........	$2 25	@	—
Turnips, per barrel..........	$1 12½	@	$1 37½
" per basket..........	25	@	37½
Cabbages, per 100..........	$6 00	@	$14 00
Celery, per dozen..........	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per dozen bunches..........	60	@	75
Garlic, per 100 bunches..........	$6 50	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound..........	14	@	22
" State, per pound..........	20	@	24
" Orange County, per pound...	21	@	29
Cheese, State, per pound..........	10	@	11
Lard, per pound..........	12½	@	13½
Roasting Pigs, each..........	$2 00	@	$4 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..........	29	@	31
" Limed, per dozen..........	25	@	26½
Fowls, per pound..........	10	@	16
Ducks, Domestic, per pound..........	12	@	18
Turkeys, per pound..........	10	@	16
Geese, per pound..........	8	@	11
Pigeons, tame, per dozen..........	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen..........	$1 25	@	$1 50
Partridges, per pair..........	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair..........	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair..........	31	@	—
Hares, per pair..........	43¾	@	50
Venison, carcass, per pound..........	7	@	9
" saddle, per pound..........	10	@	12½
Bear Meat, per pound..........	18	@	31